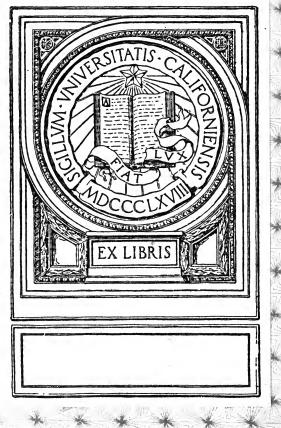
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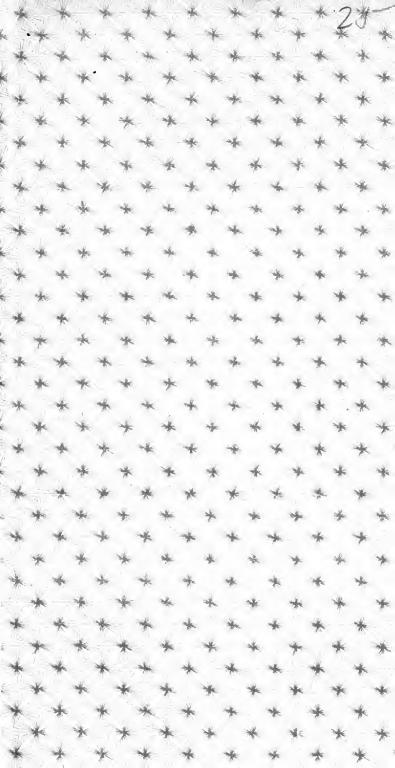


Duilding Land

Thuran Characters

# GIFT OF Class of 1887

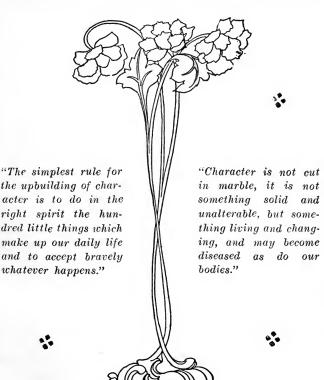




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# The Building Laws of Human Character

# EVERY MAN'S MONITOR



COMPILED, PUBLISHED AND COPYRIGHTED BY

William Hugh McCarthy

1903 \

102 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1 Class

### The Tapestry Weavers.

ET us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver

From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other

side of the sea. Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care,

The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient plodding weaver,

He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.

It is only when the weaving stops and the web is loosed and

turned, That he sees his real handiwork—that his marvelous skill is learned.

Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost!

No rarer, daintier work than his, was ever done by the frost. Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well,

And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are looms of God, let down from the place of the sun,

Wherein we are weaving always, till the mystic web is done; Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate; We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver need have fear, Only let him look clear into heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of our Saviour, forever and always in sight,

His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.

And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown, He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall say to him: "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of heaven, to bear him thence shall come down,

And God for his wages shall give him-not coin, but a golden crown.



#### PREFACE



HE sententious sayings of great men shine out like stars in the firmament of thought; there is a depth of meaning and yet a clearness of expression in them, that carry the idea intended to be conveyed straight to the mind and deep into the heart, exercising the thoughts and moving the feelings.

The maxims of the wise and good are like so many lamps hung at intervals in the dark avenue of life; in passing each, the path is illuminated, and help, warning, counsel and comfort given on the onward journey."

-Anon.





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#### CHAPTER I.

#### Character and How It Is Formed.

The real strength of a man is in his character. Popular estimate makes it consist in his circumstances. man's strength is measured by the number of his friends, by his wealth, by his social position, and his influence is in proportion to his reputation in the world's esteem. But in truth, a man is strong only in his manhood. How much there is in a man, you must ascertain by measuring his character. A man is not strong by what he has, but by what he is; and in measuring what a man is we are to measure his character. Now character is not a massive unit, it is a fabric, rather. It is an artificial whole made up by the interply of ten thousand threads. Every faculty is a spinner, spinning each day its threads, and almost every day threads of a different color. Myriads and myriads of webbed products proceed from the many active faculties of the human soul, and character is made up by the weaving together of all these innumerable threads of daily life. Its strength is not merely in the strength of some simple unit, but in the strength of numerous elements.

. A man without decision can never be said to belong to

himself.—Foster.

He conquers, who awaits the end, and dares to suffer and be strong.—Lewis Morris.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.—Carlyle.

I find that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—
O. W. Holmes.

And if you fall—why, arise again! Get up, and go on; you may be sorely bruised and soiled with your fall, but is that any reason for lying still, and giving up the struggle cowardly?—Chas. Kingsley.

To bear is to conquer our fate.—Campbell.

No man can amount to much without constant practice of stern self-denial and rigid self-control.—W. D. Hyde.

Solitude is the mother country of the strong.—Rev.

P. A. Sheehan, P. P.

Each one of us, with the help of God, and within the narrow limits of human capability, himself makes his own disposition, character, and permanent condition.—

Emile Squvestre.

An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; the latter will only attack his enemies, the other injures indifferently both friends and foes.—Addison.

Honor is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw.—Bossuet.

Talents are nurtured best in solitude, but character on life's tempestuous sea.—Goethe.

Not education, but character, is man's greatest need

and man's greatest safeguard.

Doing is the greatest thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—
Ruskin.

Simplicity in character, in manners, in style; in all things the supreme excellence is simplicity.—Longfellow.

All the events of our life are materials out of which we may make what we will.—Novalis.

All great achievements are the natural fruits of a

great character.—Longfellow.

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.—

Scott.

Let us so live as to be an inspiration, strength, and blessing to those whose lives are touched by ours.

Alike for the nation and the individual, the one indispensable requisite is character—character that does and dares as well as endures; character that is active in the performance of virtue no less than firm in the refusal to do aught that is vicious or degraded.—Theodore Roosevelt.

As it is better to be than to have—a good character is

more precious than gold.

Character is so largely affected by associations, that we cannot afford to be indifferent as to who and what our friends are. They write their names in our albums, but they do more, they help to make us what we are. Be therefore careful in selecting them; and when wisely selected, never sacrifice them.—M. Hubbard.

A strong and noble character is not he who tries to domineer over others, and force his opinions on them; but he who endeavors to overcome his natural inclinations, and evil tendencies, yielding his opinions in indifferent things for the sake of peace and charity, steadfastly adhering to truth and justice, and giving a kind word and helping hand to those in sorrow and affliction.

The great thing which a young man needs in a crisis of temptation is prayer and to declare for right quickly. Leave no time for temptation to accumulate. It often requires a good deal of character to do that, not only a religious principle, but a strong character.—Rev. Fr. Cook, C. S. S. R.

Cook, C. S. S. R.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us.—Swift.

Keep steadily before you the fact that all true success depends at last upon yourself.—Theodore Munger.

Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.—

Michael Angelo.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be as its close—then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some good strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.

We must not deceive ourselves, for he that overcometh not himself in little matters, will not be able to do so in

great things.—St. Francis Xavier.

How can we expect a harvest of thought, who have not had the seedtime of character?—Thoreau.

In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.—Robert Hall.

Temptations are the crises which test the strengthi of one's character. Whether we stand or fall at these decisive points depends largely on what we are before

the testing comes.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life which God approves.

—F. W. Farrar.

Pass a little grievance by,
Don't appear to heed it;
Be as helpful as you may,
Kind to those who need it.
Never flatter, never try
Skillfully to win them
To your own peculiar views,
Take them as you find them.

The qualities which are the most attractive in childhood are not by any means the most valuable in maturity. We look for determination, will, decision character, firmness in the man, and refuse him our respect if he have them not. But when the child exhibits these qualities, even in their incipient stages, we are annoyed, and perhaps repulsed. Instead of rejoicing in his strength of will, and guiding it into right channels, we lament it as a grievous fault in him and a misfortune to us. It is the meek and yielding child who cares not to decide anything for himself in whom we delight and whose feeble will we make still feebler by denying it all exercise. Yet when he grows up and enters the world and yields to temptation and perhaps disgraces himself and family, we look at him and wonder that so good a child should have turned out so bad a man, when in truth, his course has been only the natural outcome of his past life and training.

Temptations are the penalty of manhood; they are the sign of a progress upward. Only a moral nature can be tempted. Temptations are the appeals of the lower nature, the impulses to be untrue to one's highest vision, and to carry into a higher stage of life the characteristics of a lower. In the nature of the case, therefore, they do not separate us from God. Only yielding does that. There is no experience of human life that lies outside the sphere of His purposes of grace. God never meant our lives to be artificially screened from danger. The safe life is not the sheltered life, but the victorious life. Untested virtue is only a possible virtue. The process of proving is for the purpose of ap-

proving.—M. S. Littlefield.

A man's character is his property. A good name is more valuable than earthly goods. What injustice, therefore, to take it from him or destroy it!

Character is a perfectly educated will.—Novalis.

Doing things as well as they can be done is not only the quickest way to advancement, but it has a very great influence upon one's character and self-respect. If for no other motive than to maintain our self-respect, we should never allow ourselves to get into a habit of half

doing things.—Success.

An even disposition is indispensable to the formation of a strong, reliable character. No one will give his confidence to a man who has the reputation of being fickle or uncertain.—Success.

The virtue of a true character is not a mushroom that springeth up of itself in one night, when we are asleep or regard it not; but a delicate plant, that groweth slowly and tenderly, needing much pains to cultivate it, much care to guard it, much time to mature it. Neither is vice a spirit that will be conjured away with a charm, slain by a single blow or dispatched by one stab. Who, then, will be so foolish as to leave the eradicating of vice, and the planting in of virtue into its place, to a few years or weeks? Yet he who procrastinates his repentance and amendment, grossly does so; with his eyes open, he abridges the time allotted for the longest and most important work he has to perform. He is a fool.

—Barrow

The first thing to be aimed at by the young should be the establishment of a good character. In all their plans, anticipations, and prospects for future years, this should form the grand starting point, the chief cornerstone. It should be the foundation of every hope and thought of prosperity and happiness in days to come. It is the only basis on which such a hope can mature to full fruition. A good character established in the season of youth becomes a rich and productive soil to its

possessor.

Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge "enemies" by trying to please everybody! If such an individual ever succeeded we should like to know it. Not that we believe in man's going through the world endeavoring to find beams to knock his head against; disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ from him. That again is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinions-so have you; don't fall into the error of supposing they will respect you less for maintaining them -or respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors, spite of wind or weather, storm or sunshine. It costs the vacillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind, shuffle, and twist that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground. Take what time you please to make up your mind, but, having made it up, stick to it.

How it is that every act we do leaves upon us its impression we know not; but the scars and seams of our bodily frame may warn us of the havoc sin makes in our The current of our thoughts, the unseen nature. wandering of our imaginations, the tumult of our passions, the flashes of our temper, all the movements and energies of our moral being, leave some mark, wither some springing grace, strengthen some struggling fault, decide some doubtful bias, aggravate some growing proneness, and always leave us other and worse then we were before. This is ever going on. By its own continual acting, our fearful and wonderful inward nature is perpetually fixing its own character. It has a power of self-determination, which to those who give over watching and self-control, becomes soon unconscious and at last involuntary.—Cardinal Manning.

Character is greater and higher than money, intellect, or love, because it determines the use and direction of these three. It is the character of the rich man which determines whether he be a benefactor or a curse to society. It is character which determines whether the learned man shall use his knowledge as a destructive or as a constructive force in society. It is character which determines whether love shall be a passion, working havoc in life or a grace beautifying and ennobling life. Character is the determining force behind money, intellect, love, and so it is the greatest force in human life. Realizing this, all will appreciate the necessity of careful thought and thoughtful care in building character.

Inscribed above the entrance to the temple of Apollo at Delphi were the words "Man, know thyself." While it is a grand thing for one to know himself, how much grander is it through that knowledge to be able to control himself. "Greater is he," says the wise man, "that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city."

The trees and flowers grow unconsciously and by no effort of their own. Man, too, grows unconsciously, and is educated by circumstances. But he can also control those circumstances and direct the course of his life. He can, by effort and thought, aquire knowledge, purify his nature, develop his powers, and strengthen his character.

Reflection increases the vigor of the mind, as exercise does the strength of the body.—Lewis.

Character, like knowledge, is only so far truly alive as it is still further growing. Some things are unquestioned, fixed, at once acted upon; but there is plenty of room still for moral thought and moral feeling. We have not, in virtue of our habit, become a machine or a law.

Strength of character consists of two things: power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence, and a strong command over them. Now, we all very often mistake strong feeling for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose wild bursts of fury the children of the household quake—because he has his own way in all things—we call him a strong man. The truth is, he is a weak man; it is his passions that are

strong; he, mastered by them, is weak.

You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is often the highest result of strength. Did we ever see a man receive a flagrant injury and then reply calmly? That man is morally strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home? That is strength. He who with strong passions remains chaste, he who with indignation within him can be provoked and remain himself and forgive—those are strong men, the moral heroes.

TEST OF CHARACTER.—The supreme test of character, that which measures its power for self and the world, is the prayer: "Not my will, but Thine, be done." Life, then, is not always renunciation, but consecration, and is too holy a thing to be held in check, to be kept from attainment by trifles. Man sees life from the heights of divinity. Lesser heights mark the distance between growth and attainment; they measure the distance between the real self and the ideal toward which every true man struggles. The great tests are met by the power accumulated in overcoming the trifles

borne in each day's battle.

It is upon the loyalty to sincere convictions that all character rests. Otherwise, right and wrong, true and false, just and unjust, would bear only a vague, confused, and uncertain meaning. And exactly because of this essential loyalty are we bound frequently to test our convictions in the light of advanced knowledge and improved judgment, and to replace them by others whenever their imperfections become manifest. Herbert Spencer says: "It is clear that a globe built up partly of semblances instead of facts would not be long on this

side of chaos. And it is certain that a community composed of men whose acts are not in harmony with their

innermost beliefs will be equally unstable."

We need all the varied experiences of life through which we pass. They are necessary to the evolution of a perfect character, just as all kinds of weather—sun and dew, cold and heat, rain and wind—are necessary to develop the grain of wheat that is sown in the ground.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except

by your own acts.

Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flush overspreads its blushing Now, if you strike your hand over that, it is The flower that hangs in the morning impearled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels-once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be again what it was when the dew fell silently on it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see panes of glass covered with landscape, mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful picture. Now, lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, that delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frostwork, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. He who hath spotted and spoiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house with the blessings of a mother's tears still wet upon his brow, if he once lose the early purity of character, it is a loss that he never can make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgotten.

Let your character be real, the shining warp and woof of each day, working out the part God has set you in

the great loom of time.—Geikie.

Noble words are next to noble deeds,

But noble lives are what the world most needs.

Many forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; day by day, here a little, there a little, it grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscien-

tious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance of being a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.

Absorbing devotion to self disintegrates the character.

In the flood-time of temptation it goes to pieces.

To him who would succeed in life, decision is a quality of vital importance. He need not, indeed, be blessed with an extraordinary amount of mental acumen, he may not be able to see through the words and deeds of men with the same ease and rapidity as others; but if he knows when to act, and how to follow an idea to the end, he is possessed of a power superior to strength of intelligence. What can appear more ridiculous than to see men of brains and skill wasting their energies on trifles, light as air, flitting from one thing to another, without any fixed, determinate object in view? They might accomplish almost anything they undertake, and yet they undertake nothing worthy of their abilities, but, like anxious swimmers, stand shivering on the bank, afraid to plunge into the stream.

They are men of promise while youth's vigor remains, and they go to their graves men of promise, leaving behind nothing to attest the great gifts with which God has endowed them. Life is too short for all such fearing, doubting, hesitating. Did we live in the days of the flood, when man's life was numbered by centuries, we might with safety spend years in consultation; but the present age requires prompt decision, concentration of aim, and tenacity of purpose. We have no time for experimenting on the various callings of life. We must be up and doing, keeping a steady eye on our cherished goal, working with might and main, never swerving to

the right or the left.

Let us, once for all, know distinctly what we wish. The greatest difficulty in life arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They undertake to build a mansion, but lay the foundations for a miserable hut. They would be great, are not without ambition, but lack the first requisite—decision.

Character is not a gift, but a formation. Judas had the same chances of better things which his brother Apostles had. Character grows from habits, and he adopted bad ones.

Brave conquerors! for so you are, That war against your own affections, And the huge army of the world's desires.

-Shakespeare.

By a right character I mean one that would make a man a vital co-operative force in all that would tend to build up society, and to aid in the onward movement of the moral government of God. Character transcends knowledge. Knowledge teaches how to do; character determines what he will do. It is a man's deepest love that will determine his ultimate destiny. Hence, the highest form of benevolence is in seeking to improve character. This was thes subject of Christ. His coming was a testimony to the value of character. He who appreciates this value clearly, and devotes himself with energy and self-denial to its improvement in himself and others, is the highest style of man; and the institution that does the most for character will do most for the individual and for the country. Mere teaching without formative influences on character is simply a trade. But can education insure right character? No. Character is not from the intellect, but from the will, or, rather, the person that lies back of the will. Some knowledge may be forced upon us; a right character cannot be; still, there are indirect formative influences, and the education that ignores character is radically defective.

What is it that makes a man? CHARACTER. character that gives him his individual greatness and distinguishes him in his individual being. And character does not find its source in the intellect. A man may have all knowledge and still be a knave. He may know everything that the mind can know, and still be imperfect. He may have a mind that will do honor to the country in which he lives, and a heart that will dishonor humanity. Mere development of the intellect, mere scientific training, will never develop character or make a man. Indeed, it is the astonishment of history that the greatest culture of the intellect has often gone with the greatest depravity of heart, and the scandal of the world that of all those wonderful philosophers of Greece and Rome, whose minds were so great and whose individuality so massive that they yet influence the world, only one or two lived lives of moral rectitude that correspond in any wise even with the principles of right reason. This certainly is an argument against

mere exclusive intellectual culture.

Nor does the greatness of character reside in the heart. Every attachment, indeed, has something generous in it, and may lead on to the performance of heroic deeds; but even legitimate affection may degenerate into weakness.

It is the will which is the source of greatness, where those motives reside which lead us to action. For man in himself is inert, like matter, and does not act unless he is impelled to action. These tendencies are a result of habit, of practice, of divine grace, of heredity. When they are noble, the man is noble; when they are exalted, the man is exalted; when they are base, the man is base. So it is by the training of the will, the constant development of the will, that character develops and blossoms out into the perfection of a man.—Fr. Brown, S. J.

Character is made, not given. The elements are born, indeed, and constructive grace is given; but the building is nevertheless left to us. Every man has been materially molded and spiritually created to the image and likeness of God. Though the infinite aggregation of humanity does not exhaust the infinite model, yet all

represent God, and no two men reflect Him alike.

Few men like to own that they are not masters of themselves. The more a man feels himself to be a slave, the louder are likely to be his boasts of freedom. In a sense, one may grant his claim. But in every man are two selves, the lower and the higher. The question is, Which of them is master? Does the flesh obey the spirit's will, or does the spirit yield to the craving of the flesh? Is it the body or the soul that is kept under? Which is the self that rules the life?

If you ask what is the temper most fitted to be victorious over sin on earth, I answer that in it the warp of a sunny gentleness must be woven across the woof of a strong character. That will make the best tissue to stand the wear and tear of the world's trials. Our Lord was divinely gentle, but He was also strong with

a wondrous strength and firmness.

Boys, and even young men, do not appreciate high value of character, though they think they do. It is only when one gets further along in life that its price-lessness is perceived. It brings immediate respect, honor, and prosperity. The boy who is known to be truthful, known to be faithful and trustworthy, in every place is looked upon with warm friendship and admiration by

people whom he does not suspect of such sentiments toward him. He holds the key to the homes and to the business houses of the best people. He is in the line of first promotion wherever he is. A cigar will place him under distrust; a glass of beer will condemn him as a counterfeit coin. So will a lie. So will disrespectful conduct toward his parents. Any of these is a fatal mark of discredit. Nothing is so admirable, nor anything so much admired and prized, as a pure, honest, honorable boy or young man. Character is the most precious thing in the world.—Abp. M. J. Spalding.

The chief concern of every man is not, as it should be, the formation of character. The most wish merely to find a receipt for comfort, or a way to acquire riches and

whatever else they aim at.—Goethe.

The youth who to-day is building a character should cultivate patience, with which he can suffer wrongfully, the fortitude with which he can endure hardships, and the forbearance with which to labor under misrepresentation. These constitute, in themselves, not only one of the greatest means of developing character, but also one of the greatest evidences of strength. At some time in his experience every Christian will be brought to the place where he must stand alone with God.

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
—Tennyson.

The person who has a reputation for accuracy and for punctuality, whose work is always thorough, and whose name stands for the best he can do, never need

fear that he will not find room at the top.

What a man is, is his character; and what men think him to be, is his reputation. A man's reputation may be variable, but his character is apt to be steadfast and abiding. Men sometimes think they are building character when they are only getting reputation. Nobody can give character but the man himself to whom it belongs.

Though a man have comparatively little culture, slender abilities, and but small wealth, yet if his *character* be of sterling worth he will always command an influence, whether it be in the workshop, the counting-house.

the mart, or the senate.

Ever remember, in thy youth,
That he who firmly tries
To conquer and to rule himself
Is noble, brave, and wise.

-Bro. Luke, F. S. C.

Nothing reveals character more than self-sacrifice. So the highest knowledge we have of God is through the

gift of His Son.—William Harris.

When we ask what kind of a man one is, we do not mean to inquire about his information or his possessions, but about his character; and to get insight into his character we wish to learn, not what he knows, but what in his inmost soul he believes, hopes and strives for—his tastes and preferences, his bearing and behavior, the breadth and depth of his love, the largeness and fullness of his sympathies, his attitude toward the

temporal and eternal.

Character is primarily moral; it is what a man is, not the kind of clothes he wears, or the kind of information he possesses. It is a result of nutrition and growth, and can in no wise be formed by mechanical processes; and since character is the man self, it is precisely this moral growth which the chief business of the school to promote; and if it fail in this, it fails radically. A characterless man is neither good in himself nor good in his relations to any form of the social environment. Character is formed by cultivating a taste for what is true, good, and fair; a love for justice, honesty, and kindness; for reverence, modesty, and courage; a loathing for dirt, physical and moral, in thought, word, and deed; a scorn of lies, hypocrisy, and cant; by filling the young with profound faith in the worth and sacredness of life, by helping them to feel how divine a thing it is to be alive when one has hope and enthusiasm, is chaste and loving, wise and helpful.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

Just as the understanding can be developed and the memory can be trained, so the will can be cultivated.

The young man who has no mind of his own, who gives in to his companions on all occasions, who cannot deny himself, who yields easily to temptation, who is a slave to his stomach, who gratifies every passion of his body, is a poor stick. He lacks stamina. He wants will-power. To the valiant heart nothing is impossible; and that strength of character, that tenacity of purpose, that fearlessness of resolution that bears down all obstacles in the way of success, can be obtained by practice of the will.

"The cultivation of this quality," declares Mr. Samuel Smiles, "is of the greatest importance—resolute determination in the pursuit of worthy objects being the foundation of all true greatness of character. Energy enables a man to force his way through irksome drudgery and dry details and carries him onward and upward in every station in life. It accomplishes more than genius, with not one-half the disappointment and peril. It is not eminent talent that is required to insure success in any pursuit so much as purpose; not merely the power to achieve, but the will to labor energetically and perseveringly. Hence energy of will may be defined to be the very central power of character in a man—in a word, it is the man himself."

What cannot a strong will accomplish? Who does not

desire to possess a will of steel?

The great De Lamennais once said to a young man: "That which the easiest becomes a habit in us is the will. Learn, then, to will strongly and decidedly. Thus fix your wavering life and let it no longer be moved hither and thither, like a withered leaf, by every wind that blows."

The experience of mankind has made the proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way." Now, let there be made a new proverb: "We can have the will if we want to."

Do you want a firm will? Exercise that faculty. Set yourself a task every day—yes, a dozen times a day—a task irksome to nature, and make yourself do it, just to let the will rule, just to get the mastery. Are you disposed to lie abed late? Fix an hour at which you will resolve to get up, and then do get up at that time exactly, day after day, until the will finds no resistance to its determination to arise then.

Are you inclined to over-indulge your appetite in eating? Determine, before you sit down to table, how much food you shall take, and that you will arise before you feel quite satisfied. Then stick to the portion you have allowed yourself.

Are you slow at work? Resolve to be prompt and quick, and if you can set yourself a stint, do so; and

then get through with that stint or die.

Exercise the will! Exercise the will!! Exercise the will!!!

I once knew a young man who, under the advice of a wise director, used to take delight in the struggle for self-conquest, to tempt his tempter, by getting up struggles between his lower self and his will. For instance, he found that nicotine was getting a hold on his nervous system, so he resolved to give up tobacco, but he would not abandon it all at once. "Oh, no," he said; "I must have some fun with it." For some days, while he retrenched somewhat, he would take a pretty good allowance of smoking. The next day he would not suffer himself to have one whiff. He gloated in the pangs that it caused him and he gloried in his strength of will to refuse them. The next day he would smoke one cigar—only one—and it was harder to stop at one than to have none at all. So he kept up the torture, merely to exercise his resolution, until tobacco had no more hold on him than candy cigars, and his system, in a sort of way, almost waited for the decision of his will before asserting any liking for the weed. Similarly, that same chap was wont, after he resolved to give up drinking liquor, to go up to the very door of the saloons on his way home from work, and then come away laughing at his lower self and saving to himself: "Nixey, my boy; no whisky for you any more!"

But to economize, to save, cost him the hardest fight of all. He was a born spendthrift. Money burned a hole in his pocket. The first trinket he saw after he had a dollar of his own in hand pulled him to buy it, as the pole draws the needle. Strangest of all, he was not selfish in his purchases, many of the knicknacks on which he squandered his money being intended as gifts to his friends. Finally he overcame that weakness and made his will the master by living up to these two resolutions: 1. I will save six dollars a week out of my salary, no matter what happens. 2. I will make no ordinary purchases except on Wednesdays. So he kept watch on his needs, so as to provide for them on Wednesday, in advance, and when he had neglected to do so he waited, unless the purchase was indispensably immediate, until the following Wednesday. In that way he controlled his passion to spend and forced his will to make him frugal. It was not long before he had his first thousand dollars, and, that point once reached, the greatest obstacle toward his getting a home and amass-

ing a fortune was overcome.

He kept himself pure, too, by using, besides spiritual

means, his will, aided by other means.

First, he resolved to be continent, as being a duty required by God. Then he resolutely avoided thoughts, persons, places, reading, food, and drink that tended to make him unchaste. He took plenty of exercise. He ate sparingly at night. He got up early out of bed. He

took a cold bath daily, and twice a day for about one week each month.

With his will fixed on virtue, with his imagination under control, with his body kept down by abstemious diet, long walks, and tiresome gymnasium work, he had good reason to hope that his prayer, his flight of the occasion of sin, and his monthly communion would keep him clean of heart. For all this a will-power like iron was needed, and it was on hand when it was needed, because it had been made firm by practice.

Fowel Buxton, who was a principal agent in the emancipation of the slaves throughout the British Empire in

1834, once said:

"The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opposition, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

For what purpose should a young man cultivate his

will?

1. To conquer his body, to let the spiritual part of him "boss" the animal part of him, to be master of the house in which he lives.

2. To achieve some durable successs in life, to have an aim and to strive to reach it, whether it be learning,

or riches, or fame.

3. To get a good seat in heaven. Let the weak-willed be satisfied with a "roost" on the "bleachers"; don't you be content with anything less than a cushioned chair in the grand stand. Exercise the will! Exercise the will!!

We lack will rather than strength, are able to do more and better than we are inclined to do, and say we cannot because we have not the courage to say we will not.

#### Our Ideals.

Using the word "ideal," not as something visionary or unreal, but as "the conception of a thing in its most perfect state," and making ourselves the object of this conception, we open to our minds a vista of great possibilities. To have a conception of a perfect man or perfect woman is not sufficient, however; we should also have an unquenchable desire and ambition to become perfect mentally and physically, as nearly as possible. To do this it is necessary to constantly keep our ideals

before our consciousness, thereby making them a part of our life. As the mental faculties in their action create all our ideals, we need but cultivate the specific faculties, which will make our ideals more perfect. Let us individually find out which faculties in our mental constitution need cultivation, and which need restraining, and then act accordingly, and our ideals will soon reach a higher plane.

As the noblest and highest creature in the universe, ought we not be ashamed to blame heredity, environment, circumstances, or anything but ourselves, for our shortcomings, our weaknesses, our failures? Are we not, as men and women, capable of harnessing nearly all nature's power and having it do our bidding, able to master all animals, qualified to delve into the mysteries of nature, and by a daily acquisition of knowledge, added to the experience gleaned from the brightest minds in all the past ages, enhance our knowledge and power to an extent undreamt of, even fifty years ago?

Too long have we considered ourselves weak, helpless mortals, incapable of reaching a state of mind and body which may be termed approximately perfect. Let us throw aside this thought, let us believe in our ability to become better and better in character, and keep this ideal before us until the end of our days. We can then be satisfied that we are doing the work for which we have been placed on earth, and leave it better because

we have lived on it.

What does it mean to become perfect? Does it mean to improve our desire for money, for honor, for fame, for selfish power, for selfish pleasure? No, No; emphatically No. To become perfect means to become more loving, more sympathetic, more reverent, more hopeful, more conscientious, more courageous, more moral, more self-reliant, more self-controlled, more helpful, more tolerant, more spiritual, more tactful, more agreeable, more thoughtful, more considerate, more learned, more cheerful, more sincere, more cultured, more faithful, more appreciative of the beautiful; to become less fitful, less conceited, less quarrelsome, less subject to anger, less stubborn, less grasping, less subject to our appetites, less impulsive, less revengeful, less fearful, less regardful of petty censure, less fault-finding-in a few words, to become perfect, we must strive to attain the highest and best qualities of character that the greatest and best men and women of all ages possessed.

Now comes that weather-stained and moth-eaten excuse, "But environment and circumstances are against

me." To use a pertinent slang phrase, "Forget it; forget it." It is simply an acknowledgment of our weakness. What were insurmountable difficulties physically to the majority of people have been overcome by a few who had sufficient strength, self-confidence, and persistence. So-called mental impossibilities can also be overcome if you work hard enough. Brace up! Make up your. mind to be stronger than your environment. Get out of it, if no duty is holding you; if it is necessary that you stay in your present unfavorable environment, change it. Perhaps it is only your view of it that is wrong, and your environment to another would be the means of improvement, calling out your best mental and physical powers. Never for one moment dwell on the thought that circumstances are against you. Quit your whining, and use the strength, wasted in telling and thinking about your troubles, in efforts to overcome them. Be patient, keep your ambition fixed on improvement, learn, study, think, concentrate on whatever you do, aim at perfection, and with every step forward the seemingly impossible will become easy, and your life will become filled out with the pleasure of knowledge and culture. This, in turn, means an intense desire to help others to lead a happier life, which happiness, like the boomerang, returns to the sender, but, unlike it, leaves its impression on every one in its path.—W. N. Holmes.

Two practical considerations should flow from a recognition of the tremendous power of influence: 1. A young man must be on his guard about the example he gives to younger members of the family, to his business, to his chums, to the members of societies to which he belongs, and to inmates of homes that he visits. 2. He will be particular about the company that he himself keeps. One bad apple in a barrel will rot the whole lot. One young man whose heart is corrupt, whose words are foul, whose actions are vicious, whose principles are base, whose character is mean, goes about like a smallpox patient, scattering the seeds of his disease among all those with whom he comes in contact. His influence is maleficent. And it cannot be escaped by any one who habitually associates with him. So the young man who is determined not to become vile, as he is, will avoid him and all who are like him. He will choose for his friends those whose minds are bright, whose talk is clean, and whose conduct is virtuous; for their influence will buoy him upward and onward.

# The Debacable, or Evil Aftermath. (The Old Worlding.)

He shambles by each sunny afternoon;
His portly form is shrunken as a specter,
His face is vacant as the morning moon,
Quaffed is his nectar.

And this come after.

Out of his eyes the dancing light is gone, Out of his blood the wanton warmth that thrilled it, Out of his air the charm that conquests won When fancy willed it.

Proud was his port and tasty his array;
His days and nights o'erflowed with song and laughter;
He never dreamed that these would pass away

He courted pleasure and secured it still;
He asked for friends and loves, and these were given;
He craved all worldly good and had his fill;
He sought not Heaven.

His friends have vanished never to return;
His pleasures, treasures, all his heart's desire;
His passions only in their embers burn;
Mute is his lyre.

For him the eventide has brought no light; Its sighing breezes pity as they kiss him; The dark will bear him to the wastes of night; Earth will not miss him.

-Boston Transcript.





#### CHAPTER II.

# Health, Habits and Temperance.

No man is a free man who has a vice for his master.—

Socrates.

All philosophy lies in two words—sustain and abstain.

-Epictetus.

I have learned to seek my happiness by limiting my desires, rather than in attempting to satisfy them.—

John Stuart Mill.

Most men call fretting a minor fault—a foible, and not a vice. But there is no vice, except it be drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace and happiness of a home.—Helen Hunt.

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.—Cicero.

Health is, indeed, so necessary to all the duties as well as pleasures of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly; and he that for a short gratification brings weakness and diseases upon himself, and for the pleasure of a few years passed in the tumults of diversion and clamors of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be justly reproached, not only as a spendthrift of his happiness, but as a robber of the public; as a wretch that has voluntarily disqualified himself for the business of his station and refused that part which Providence assigns him in the general task of human nature.—Johnson.

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, and that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

Be reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but

not light. Rather be sweet-tempered than familiar, familiar rather than intimate, and intimate with VERY FEW, and upon good ground with ALL.

Lay aside life's harming heaviness, And cultivate a cheerful disposition.

—Shakespeare.

The art of life is to know how to enjoy little and endure much.—Hazlitt.

Choose the life that is most useful, and habit will make it the most agreeable.—Bacon.

Each year, one vicious habit rooted out, in time ought

to make the worst man good.—Franklin.

We are the slaves of our needs; the fewer they are, the freer are we; the higher they are, the nobler the masters we serve. Not independence, but interdependence, is the law of our life. It is only in ministering to one another, in bearing one another's burdens, in sharing one another's joys, that we become human and truly live. Let us draw closer together, that we may feel pulsings of divine sympathy and love in one another's hearts. If we stand apart we shall be stranded in the great river; we shall miss the good of living; we shall lose God.

Prosperity goes by the saloon without stopping.

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us wise. It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful. It is not a few faint wishes, but a lifelong struggle, that makes us valiant.

To be pure-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat, sleep, and exercise is one of the best precepts of long lasting.—*Bacon*.

The cheerful man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason

to lap on .- Swift.

Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man. Labor sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging to excess.—Rousseau.

To be truly temperate we must be moderate in eating and drinking—yes, and in fasting too. We must have self-confidence without stubbornness, and self-respect without pride. We must neither be anxious nor apathetic, neither cowardly nor quarrelsome. We may be polite without being deceitful, and candid without being rude. We need not be silent, yet we must not talk incessantly.

When alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our temper; in society, our tongues. We should endeavor to illustrate our devotions in the morning by our conduct through the day.

In the company of strangers, silence is safe. He who gives his heart will not deny his money.

We are not done with life as we live. We shall meet our acts and words and influence again. A man will reap what he sows, and he himself will be the reaper. We go on sowing carelessly, never dreaming that we shall see our seeds again. Then, some day, we come to an ugly plant growing somewhere, and when we ask, "What is this?" the answer comes, "I am one of your plants. You dropped the seed which grew in me." We shall have to give an account of the seed that grows from our sowing.—Fr. McLaughlin, C. S. S. R.

To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier by his presence; to renounce where that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered; to keep few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all men of fortitude and delicacy.—Robert Louis

Stevenson.

An old toper says it's the drinking between drinks that hurts a fellow.

Irresolution is a fatal habit; is not vicious in itself, but it leads to vice, creeping upon its victims with a fatal facility, the penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean, and the drunkard are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet he is about to drain is poison, yet he swallows it. He knows, for the example of thousands has painted it in glaring colors, that it will deaden all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with disease, and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave; yet he drains it. How beautiful, on the contrary, is the power of resolution, enabling the one who possesses it to pass through perils and dangers, trials and temptations. Avoid, then, the contraction of the habit of irresolution. Strive against it to the end.

The Scientific American says: "It is our observation that constant beer-drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to insanity. Intellectually, a stupor amounting to almost

paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysm of anger, senseless and brutal."

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvements: we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold of us if we ascended into a higher moral

atmosphere.

Intemperance is one of the greatest curses of our age; the young, especially, should therefore be put upon their guard against a vice that is yearly bringing thousands to ruin and degradation. It should be borne in mind that a disorder so difficult, almost impossible, to cure, is easily prevented. It behooves all, and parents in particular, to keep from the young what might be to them an occasion of sin, of ruin of body and soul. The ancient Spartans held the vice of drunkenness in such horror that they intoxicated their slaves in order to show by their example to what a degrading condition drunkenness brings human nature. Christians who fall have aids that the pagans had not, namely, the sacraments; but such is the effect of drunkenness that few can be prevailed upon to apply the remedy. Prevention is the safer course.

His best companions, innocence and health; And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

-Goldsmith.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.—Johnson.

While we would ardently rejoice and pray at our young men conquering the bad habit of drinking, we would

rather prefer that they would not acquire it.

Whenever an indulged propensity becomes a passion, and the will is enslaved by blind impulse, the question of insanity is only one of time.

Impure words and blows are often the accompani-

ments of wine.—Lucretius.

Do you want to know where a boy usually begins to be fast? With a cigarette. It is the lad's first step to bravado, resistance to sober morality, and a bold step in disobedience. Just now take the matter on the scientific side. Tobacco blights a boy's finest powers—wit, muscle, conscience. Nations are legislating against it. Germany, with all her smoke, says: "No tobacco in the schools." It spoils their brains and makes them too small for soldiers. Knock at the great military institutions of France. "No tobacco" is the response.

Try West Point and Annapolis. "Drop that cigarette!" is the word. Indeed, smoking boys are not likely to go so far as that.

Major Huston of the Marine Corps, who is in charge of the Washington navy barracks, says that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected for heart disease, of which ninety-nine cases in one hundred come from cigarettes. His first question is, "Do you smoke?" "No, sir," is the invariable reply. But the record is stamped on the very body of the lad, and out he goes. Apply for a position in a bank. If you use tobacco, beer, cards, the bank has no use for you.

Business life demands fine brains, steady nerve, firm conscience. Watch the boys. See one sixteen years in age, twelve in size, twenty in sin, and he smokes, probably chews and drinks. Babes of seven and eight are in it. The vice increases. I could pile up statistics by the hour, testimony from the highest medical authority,

of the misery preparing and already come.

The requirements of health can be counted on the fingers of one hand. They are good air, good food; suitable clothing, cleanliness, exercise, and rest.

Temperance is the moderate use of all things helpful

and total abstinence from all things harmful.

To effect great popular moral reforms, the religious element in man, the conscience power within him, must be appealed to. You cannot legislate him into morality. Morality requires sacrifice of selfishness, and sacrifice of selfishness requires a motive; and religion alone can furnish the adequate motive. You may seek to strike at the saloon, and urge men to pass it, as the Greeks passed the temples of their Furies, "without looking, without speaking, without breathing"; you may enact the most stringent laws against Sunday drinking, and create a powerful public opinion which will brand as disgraceful the slightest abuse of alcoholic drinks. All these influences may act as breakwaters against the tide of intemperance, and thus do some good. But that tide will flow in part into other channels. The so-called "speak-easy" will succeed the saloon, and private drinking, perhaps to even greater excess, will succeed the public indulgence. Men will flatter themselves that they can avoid disgrace by remaining at home, or that they are strong enough to drink without its being observed by their neighbors. The saloons are, indeed, causes for intemperance, but they are themselves but the effects of the unrestrained thirst for drink. You must seek out the cause of the cause and go to the foundation of

the heart and there drop in the sweetening word of religious influence. Tell the man that drunkenness is not a mere pardonable weakness, made to excuse many excesses into which he falls whilst in this state. Appeal to the religious element within him; tell him drunkenness is a mortal sin, which excludes from the Kingdom of Heaven, into which "drunkards shall never enter." Tell him it is a great crime which destroys the image of God in his soul; that other sins are against the dictates of reason, but this aims a blow at Reason herself, which it dethrones; that it strikes down the trinity of the soul-intellect, memory, and will; that by it man is subjected to the punishment of hell, and is guilty of the blackest ingratitude toward a beneficent God. Tell him that intemperance wakes up the sleeping demons, the passions of the human heart—anger, pride, jealousy, impurity; and he has to fight these, unaided by the reason he has dethroned and the God he has deserted; yet if he falls he is held accountable for the crimes he could and should have foreseen, as the consequences of his intemperance. Tell him he will continue to sin in his grave; that, "being dead, he will yet speak" and blaspheme because of the example he has left to his children. Bring him on his knees in the presence of God. Let the whole influence of the mighty religious element which is part of every man's nature, as real as the intellect and heart element—let all this be brought into action, and you have done more than civil law or public opinion can effect. Observe, I do not condemn such laws if judiciously framed and wisely administered, but I say they are not enough. They deal with symptoms and effects and partial causes, but religion alone probes to the heart. And this principle is true, not only of intemperance, but of other vices of which intemperance is the parent. Hence the necessity of religion for the stability of the State, which vice undermines.—Abp. Ryan of Philadelphia.

"Oh, if I had only been instructed in my youth!" said a somewhat elderly man yesterday, whose physical health is breaking and whose mind begins to give indications of decay. "I would not have committed the indiscretions and excesses that have broken me down."

Fathers are reluctant to tell their adolescent sons what they should know about self and sex, the care of virginity and the transmission of life; and even teachers and confessors most usually take many things for granted in the way of supposing that youths are sufficiently informed concerning sins against holy purity.

Possibly, as a rule, they are. Sometimes, however, they are not. Occasionally they then form an injurious habit before they know what they are doing.

Speaking, therefore, from the point of view, not of the teacher or confessor who is treating of morality, nor of the parent who wishes to guard against disgrace, but of a physician concerned only about the physical health of young men, may I offer some suggestions for the well-being of the growing lads who read this article—young fellows between fifteen and twenty-five, in the decade before most men marry?

1. Marriage is honorable. It was designed by God. It is a holy state. Over it God and nature watch with a jealous eye, because it is like an imitation of the original and direct Creative Act of God; because, as it were, it compels His co-operation, and because it has such endless consequences on souls for generation after generation. Sins against its chastity are usually punished in this life by diseases, by insanity, by death. Even in marriage there is need of self-restraint, of the chastity of the married state, and of great modesty. Before marriage, continence should be inviolate. Purity is not only possible, but it is, of precept, obligatory, beneficial, and strengthening. It can be easily observed. Offenses against it, if repeated at any length, are sure to be visited with chastisement from nature and are certain to bring down on the guilty one the vengeance of God.

Go to our lunatic asylums and see the gibbering wrecks of men there, moping, idiotic, raving, homicidal, eager to kill themselves. What caused their insanity? In most cases, self-abuse, liquor, and debauchery.

Go to the graveyards, where young men are buried before their time. What broke them down and sent them to fill premature graves? Self-abuse and debauchery.

Go and see the children in the hospitals for incurables—syphilitic, scrofulous, broken out with sores, unable even to stand, from rotten bone or diseased marrow. What produced their afflictions? The sins of their fathers against the sixth commandment.

Consider the families that are followed by misfortunes, that meet with dreadful accidents, that are pursued with trouble. To what are their tribulations attributable? Often and often to the secret sins of the father, committed maybe years before, but which have merited the anger of Heaven.

King David's sin was not punished for years, but

finally it broke his heart when one of the penalties was the death of his beloved son!

How can a young man keep continent?

- 1. By temperance in eating and drinking, especially at the evening meal. A light supper is better than a heavy dinner at night.
- 2. By abstinence from intoxicating liquor, especially from whisky and the like, that fire the blood and stimulate passion.
- 3. By cutting off unnecessary sleep and spending no time in bed in a half-awake, half-asleep condition. No lolling in bed! Lie only on the side, and preferably on the right side. Lying on the back produces snoring and leads to unpleasant dreams.
- 4. By hard exercise, that toughens the body, works off unnecessary energy, and brings back into the general system strength not needed locally. Take brisk walks, ride a bicycle, join a baseball club, use dumb-bells, join a gymnasium; do any sort of labor that will keep the flesh from being soft and the mind in a flabby, yielding frame. Be brave to be hard on your carcass, lest it get the mastery and subdue your soul.
- 5. By pain, if necessary, to conquer the beast; by sharp pain, inflicted with a rope's end, as the saints of old did and the monks of to-day do when they "take the discipline," as they call it. St. Paul, that hero, did so. "I chastise my body," he wrote publicly, "and bring it unto subjection." Do likewise, if ordinary means will not suffice; do it anyhow, if you have the grit to be resolved to be master of your body, be the cost what it may. Don't be afraid that you'll hurt yourself. You'll not be apt to strike too hard.

6. By avoiding touches, positions, etc., as loathsome, degrading, and sinful. Keep out of solitude. Make an elderly and virtuous friend in whom to confide your difficulties. Seek bright comany, the company of the good, of the members of a young men's institute or so-

dality.

7. By keeping the mind pure. Don't indulge in impure thoughts, imaginings, dreams. Don't listen to dirty stories. Don't read vile books. Don't look at suggestive objects—keep a guard over the eyes and don't hesitate to look away or to close your eyelids at what had better not be seen. Fill the imagination with pure pictures, clean thoughts, pleasant memories. Read good books. Remember the presence of God. His eye sees you now!

- 8. By avoiding corrupt companions, male and female, those who talk smart, those who permit improper familiarities.
- 9. By taking cold baths for four or five days in succession, once a month, at regular times. By these means, together with what the teacher or confessor will suggest of prayer and the frequent reception of the sacraments, any young man can keep his purity unsullied. Thereby he will be healthier, stronger, and nobler than if he yields to evil thoughts and vicious practices. Thereby he will live longer. Thereby he will keep from premature decay, from consumption due to a forced loss of vitality, from paresis, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, and insanity. Thereby he will remember his Creator in the days of his youth and deserve the benediction of the Beautitude, that says: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God."—Catholic Columbian.

Variety of exercise is healthful. Gladstone was noted for his outdoor life. When asked the secret of his vigorous health at the age of eighty-three years, he replied: "There was once a road leading out of London, on which more horses died than on any other; and inquiry revealed the fact that it was perfectly level. Consequently the animals, in traveling over it, used only one set of muscles. Continuous employment of the same physical powers on the same lines result in physical exhaustion. It is varied and symmetrical exercise of the mind and the muscles that lies at the base of any sound system of physical training."

In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong. Honor that; rejoice in it, as you can; try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.—Ruskin.

In the time of strength every one should prepare for old age, for it advances inevitably and will not be denied except by means of death.

The body, the mind, and the soul should be made ready for it: the body, by temperance insuring its health and by the accumulation of a competence for its care; the mind, by the acquisition of noble thoughts and sweet memories; the soul, by a growth in goodness that will increase its hope as the shadows darken around it.

The sins of youth are often visited on old age. Indigence punishes former prodigality; disease follows gluttony and impurity; sorrow expiates old-time carousing; and shame makes up for the infliction of disgrace upon others in the days of wild passion.

How beautiful is a serene old age! It is the best of life, when anxieties no longer overwhelm, when gentleness has taken the place of strife, when there are no more fears, when enmities are all forgiven, when friendships are treasured, when the conviction is formed that transitory things never did matter except in so far as they affected the eternal, and when faith grows more bright as it looks calmly to the end. Haleyon time, when the heart is no longer troubled by vanity, but fixes itself on what will never die—on kindness and love and God!—Catholic Columbian.

All of us who are worth anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or expiating the mistakes of

our youth.—Shelley.

O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.—Shakespeare.

"We admonish those Catholics who are engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquors, that they seriously consider how many and how great are the dangers and occasions of sin which surround their avocation, however licit in itself this avocation may be. Let them adopt, if they can, a more decent method of gaining a livelihood."—Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, 1889.

Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but it is a crime, and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived, they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has ever been practiced by the bravos of any country or of any age.—Ruskin.





CHAPTER III.

### Manners. Thrift. Fortune.

Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—Sydney Smith.

There is a lady hidden in every woman, as there is a gentleman hidden in every man; and no matter how far the actual may be from the possible, one thing is certain, that a true lady or a true gentleman is always recognized and acknowledged by this secret nobility in the human heart.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Good manners imply every saving grace known un-

der heaven among men and women.

Good manners are the absolutely transparent medium of conveying to the world the benevolence of a good heart; good manners involve and include every department of the human being-body and soul, and spirit, heart and mind, imagination and conscience, discrimination and judgment. The whole duty of man to man is embraced in good manners.—Gail Hamilton.

Rise to take leave while you are the speaker—not when the conversation has languished, lest you appear

to go because you are bored.

Deliberate much before doing or saying anything, for you have not the power of recalling what has been said or done.—Epictetus.

To-morrow is not elastic enough in which to press

the neglected duties of to-day.

Do not wear on your countenance offensive looks, which, though harmless, are unpleasant.—Thucydides.

He who praises himself will soon find some one to

laugh at him.—Syracuse.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man will not affront me, and no other can.—Cowper.

Neglect no opportunity of doing good, nor check thy desire of doing it by a vain fear of what may happen.—
Atterbury.

Immodest words admit of no defense,

For want of modesty is want of sense.—Pope.

Lend not beyond thy ability, nor refuse to lend out of thy ability, especially when it will help others more than it can hurt thee.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. It gives harmony to the soul, and is a perpetual song without words. It is tantamount to repose. It enables nature to recruit its strength, whereas worry and discontent debilitate it, involving constant wear and tear.

There is but little bad luck in this world, but there

is a heap of bad management.

Like the bee, we should make our industry our amusement.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.—Frank-lin.

All profuse apologies have some mixture of a lie in them. Few people who plan apologies design to speak the truth. They aim to gloss over the facts, but the substance is false—the motive is adroitly hidden. No one who is fair and honest in conscience and aims has the apologetic impulse.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we

write in water.—Shakespeare.

Used against a high soul, there is no surer method of humiliation than an apology. In one skilled at-reading human nature an apology becomes a weapon. When you are not the one who should apologize first, when you are less to blame than he, be you the one to apologize first, and see how quickly his noble nature will abase itself and rush to meet you, and how sure and glorious and complete the reconciliation will be.—Lillian Bell.

Many men get rich by doing the work which the

other fellows neglect.

There is always good policy in keeping one's temper. As often as temper is lost, a degree of influence is lost with it; and while the former may be recovered, it will be found much more difficult to recover the latter. The politician who allows himself to get angry in his capacity—whatever may be the provocation—does his cause injury which his soundest argument will hardly repair.

Just so with men of all professions, and with men of no profession. If they would be able to exert a sway in their sphere, they must learn to keep cool. Who ever listened to a discussion in which one party went raving mad, while the other maintained his composure, without having his sympathies enlisted with the latter, even though, in the beginning, his prejudice might have been in favor of the former? It is commonly taken for granted, and with a good share of reason, that he who has the best side of an argument will exhibit the most coolness.

Anger is an affected madness compounded of pride and folly, and an intention to do commonly more mischief than it can bring to pass; and, without doubt, of all passions which naturally disturb the mind of man, it is most in our power to extinguish, at least to suppress and correct, our anger.—Clarendon.

You cannot learn to please people in business or society by any merit or sound knowledge you are master of, but by studying people and serving them with a desire to please.

Good sense will give you the general outlines of business; observation, usage, contact, and experience alone give the delicate touches and bring out the fine points.

Economy no more means saving money than spending money. It means spending and saving, whether time or money, or anything else, to the best possible

advantage.—Ruskin.

Be merry but with modesty; be sober but not sullen; be valiant but not venturous; let your clothes be comely but not costly; your diet wholesome but not excessive; mistrust no man without cause, neither be credulous without proof. Serve God, love God, fear God, and God will bless you as either your heart can wish or your friends desire.-Lyly.

> Whatever you are, be brave, boys! The liar's a coward and a slave; Though clever at ruses, And sharp at excuses, He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys! 'Tis better than money and rank; Still cleave to the right, Be lovers of light, Be open, aboveboard, and frank, boys! Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manner and mind;
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys!

Nothing in your possession should be so carefully watched as your lips. Do and say all you can to cheer, but never, never, under any provocation, allow yourself to strengthen a rumor of scandal. If there is wrong in any soul it will produce its own results, for the laws of the universe are inexorable; but if the wrong is not there, and by any word from your mouth you give the impression that it is there, you judge as you would not like to be judged, and you would think it a great calamity if a like measure were meted out to you.

It is not vanity for a man to pride himself on what

he has honestly got and prudently uses.

Civility costs nothing—so we have been duly instructed from an early age-but, the civility that has cost us nothing is of very little worth. True civility implies some degree, however small, of self-sacrifice, and self-sacrifice certainly costs us something. doubt there is such a thing as feeling pleasure in selfsacrifice, a pleasure keener than can be gained by selfseeking. But such a pleasure is itself an evidence of goodness, and must not be confounded with natural passion or instinct. It is the fruit of an habitual endeavor to act kindly by those with whom we have to do, and has reached maturity after many struggles and conflicts. Thus, whoever takes pleasure in civility has generally something good in him; for the civility we mean is not a mere superficial politeness; but a hearty wish to make others comfortable even at our own expense.

The love and admiration which Sydney Smith won from every one, rich or poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to me to have arisen from the one fact that, without perhaps having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants, and the noblemen, his guests. alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately, so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing, wheresoever he went.—

Kingsley.

Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.—Ibid.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.—Benj. Franklin.

Any thoughtful man or woman knows that a lax discipline in the home which permits young people to seek their pleasures in the streets, in company unknown to parents, or with books that do not improve the mind, is sure to breed disorder in individuals and in families. No less disastrous is the domestic tyranny that forces boys and girls, whose perfectly natural and laudable craving for fun ought to be satisfied, away from home to find in public places diversion, which may begin by being harmless enough, but which, unguarded by necessary restraints, soon passes into dangerous, and finally into criminal, associations. Many young lives of brightest promise have thus been lost to happiness and social usefulness through the combined influence of parental carelessness, the allurements of the street, and absence of religious training.

Never break your promises. And to this end never make a promise that you are not sure that you can fulfill. You may think it a trifling matter to make an appointment with a friend or agree to do a certain thing and then fail to "come to time," but it is assuredly not a small affair. If you get into the habit of neglecting to make good your promises, how long do you think will your friends and acquaintances retain confidence in you? The nearest and dearest of them will in time learn to doubt you and will put but little faith in your words. Keep your promises to the letter, be prompt and exact, and it will save you much trouble and care through life, and win for you the respect and trust of your friends.

Youth is the proper season for cultivating benevolent and humane affections. As a great portion of our happiness depends on our neighbors and acquaintances, it is of importance that we acquire the temper and manners which will render such agreeable. A sense of justice should be the foundation of all our social qualities; even in youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found; that sacred rule of "doing in all things to others, according as we wish that they should do unto us," should be firmly impressed upon every juvenile mind; for this purpose, consider the original and natural equality of men; whatever advantage of fortune we may possess, it should never be displayed with an ostentatious superiority; for the vicissitudes of life are unknown. How often have they, whom supercilious

young men have looked upon with scorn, risen to be

their superiors in after years!

Compassion is an emotion, of which the young ought never be ashamed; graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at a tale of woe. Ease and indulgence should not be permitted to contract our affections, or envelop us in selfish enjoyments.

Ofttimes, excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;

As patches, set upon a little breach, Discredit more in hiding of the fault,

Then did the fault before it was so patched.

-Shakespeare, in King John.

It never costs very much, at most a sacrifice of our tender feelings, to keep a sweet temper, and it is a wonderfully well-paying investment. Try it some day. As soon as you awake in the morning say. "I'll do anything to-day before I growl," and though you may have almost given away more than once to the temptation, you will go to bed with a new and fresh appreciation of life, wondering "Why cannot life always run as

smoothly as it did to-day?"

There was once a man who was almost pre-eminent in this respect. He never complained, never went "wild," but if anything that looked like a misfortune befell him he would bow his head and thank God that it was not something worse. Passing along a city street one day, dressed in his new clothes, a full can of paint fell upon him from a painter's scaffold. It ruined his clothes, almost blinded him, and hurt him quite severely. Most men would have gone off at a tangent and let everybody within a mile radius know that they had been foully dealt with. Not so with this even-tempered man. He merely said, "Thank God it wasn't bricks." Try to be even-tempered. It pays, particularly in adversity.

Refinement is fastidiousness. It is not luxury. It is nothing of this kind. It is far removed from excess or waste. A person who is truly refined will not squander or needlessly consume anything. Refinement, on the contrary, is always allied to simplicity and a judicious and tasteful employment of the means of the good and happiness which it has at command. It seeks to divest itself of superfluities, and aspires continually to the utmost possible purity. Refinement leads to personal cleanliness and elegant neatness, good taste and simplicity in dress. All "loudness" or flashiness is repugnant to its spirit. In its home and surroundings,

the same chasteness and natural grace are maintained. The abode of genuine refinement, and a mere pretender to it, are very different. In the former you will find no excess, gaudiness, or false glittering; but the latter abounds in it. In personal manners, refinement is most conspicuous. A man of refinement is always polite without effeminacy, and considerate without stiffness. Display and ceremony are identical without refinement like that of the heart, which impels its possessor to show on all occasions a regard for the feelings of others. No adherence to etiquette can compare with it for the spontaneous observance of true and gratifying politeness.

Deal tenderly with the absent; say nothing to inflict a wound on their reputation. They may be wrong and wicked, yet your knowledge of it does not oblige you to disclose their character, except to save others from injury. Then do it in a way that bespeaks a spirit of kindness to the absent offender. Be not hasty to credit evil reports. They are often the result of misunderstanding or of evil design, or they proceed from an exaggerated or partial disclosure of facts. Wait and learn the whole history before you decide; then believe just what evidence compels you to, and no more. But even then, take heed not to indulge the least unkindness, else you dissipate all the spirit of your prayer for them, and unnerve yourself for doing them good.

Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of hard work. Work for the best salaries and wages you can get, but work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat, and boots. Do not eat up or wear all you can earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profit's sake. Be stingy with your own appetite, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others and ask no help for yourself. Be proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to wear a coat you cannot afford to buy; too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expenses; too proud to lie or steal or cheat; too proud to be stingy; in short, be a man of integrity and individuality.—Weekly Bouquet.

Business men, in business hours, attend only to business matters. Social calls are best adapted to the social circle. Make your business known in a few words without loss of time. Let your dealings with a stranger be most carefully considered, and tried friendship duly appreciated. A mean act will soon recoil, and a man

of honor will be esteemed. Leave "tricks of trade" to those whose education was never completed. Treat all with respect, confide in few, wrong no man. Be never afraid to say no, and always prompt to acknowledge and rectify a wrong. Leave nothing for to-morrow that should be done to-day. Because a friend is polite. do not think his time is valueless. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place. To preserve long friendship, keep a short credit; the way to get credit is to be punctual; the way to preserve it is not to use it much. Settle often; have short accounts. Trust no man's appearances; they are often deceptive, and assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit. Rogues generally dress well. The rich are generally plain men. Be well satisfied before you give a credit that those to whom you give it are safe men to be trusted.

The desire to get something for nothing makes men

pay something for nothing.

Thou shalt be a great monarch if thou canst command thy tongue.—Ven. Louis of Grenada.

The reward of one's duty is the power to fufill an-

other.

By gambling we lose both our time and our treasure,

-two things most precious to the life of man.

A calm, contented life is worth far more to the insurance office, as the tables of probabilities go, than the life of one who drains his soul away by anxiety. "What is the use of fretting! It never coined a penny for our poverty, nor prepared a slice of meat for our hunger. It is a killing thing, and should be avoided by all who love life. We do not waste strength by labor, for there is a recuperative power within which restores us after activity; but we lose life by anxiety, and lose it fast." A peaceful life is a sermon with a quiet but irresistible eloquence in it, which wins men to a desire after its secret.

Every one has his weak point; every one has his faults. We may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly on these. It is a very easy task, and by so doing we shall make the burden of life unendurable, and turn friends into enemies, and provoke strife, hatred, heart-burnings, wherever we go, and cut off from ourselves one of the chief sources of happiness and goodness and usefulness. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us and thought of us were we in their place. By fixing

our attention on their good qualities we shall rise to their level as surely as by fixing our attention on their bad qualities we shall sink below their level. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain, and earth will become like heaven; and we, if God so please, shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is Love.—Stanley.

What makes a boy popular? Manliness. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, who will pledge his honor to his own heart, and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who defends the weak will one day become a hero among the strong. A boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself in the atmosphere of universal sympathy. Shall we tell you how to become a popular boy? We will. Be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor, and love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts.

Flat contradiction, severe criticism, fault-finding and condemnation, the omission of gentle and pleasing attentions, curt manners, blunt speeches, unkind allusions, are continually excused on the plea of sincerity. "I said what I thought," and "I never pretend to what I do not feel," are common assertions, supposed to justify all manner of rude and ill-natured words and actions. Yet one who unites sincerity with kind feeling is never heard to utter such language. His sympathies are too keen to allow him to hurt another needlessly, and it never occurs to him that it is insincere to offer such courteous attentions as express a general feeling of good-will, even though he may not be drawn by any bonds of affection.

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to

hold thy tongue.—Quarles.

Profane swearing seems to be as much a part of every-day life as the use of language itself. The adorable name of Jesus is blasphemed. Who has not observed this lack of reverence for the name—above all names—the name that is pronounced with ineffable solemnity by the angels of heaven, and that causes the demons of hell to tremble? Now that blasphemy is so

general, we should redouble our efforts to honor and cause to be honored, as much as we can, the name of our blessed Saviour. We shall be sure to find in it strength and consolation at the hour of death, if we honor it

during life.

A statesman of national reputation said: "You ask for a word of wisdom to young men. Well, my one will be two. (1) Make a written pledge not to drink 'fire-water' until you're a grandfather; and (2) save something regularly every Saturday night, if it's only a penny. Given health and opportunities, the man who is temperate and frugal is bound to be a respectable member of society. Whether or not he will amass riches is a question partly depending on whether or not the money-making talent has been placed in his crib by his fairy godmother; partly depending on his wife. But the main thing in this world is to be an honorable citizen, and the abstemious and thrifty man is

most apt to attain that measure of success.

Charm of manner is made up usually of gracious observances of small courtesies. Heredity is unrelenting, and charm is a great birthright, but when these qualities are lacking attention, effort and, above all things, desire may overcome tremendous barriers. Though society may do without a good heart, it will not dispense with that appearance of it which we call amiability of manner. This amiability may not always give that illusive something known as charm, but charm never exists when it is absent. Simple flattery is not pleasing, but the actual making one do his best, and not alone thinking he is doing it, may be. Unselfishness is the root and spawn of all graciousness. One of the greatest secrets of charm is charitableness and scrupulousness in imputing motives to those who interfere with our even way. Wit and eloquence fall flat when unkindly leveled at the weak and defenseless.

Serving riches, instead of making riches serve you,

is the most piteous of all poverty. It is slavery.

On personal appearance and habits much of our success in life depends. There have been many instances where the soul, shining through a maimed or deformed body, has conquered the most adverse circumstances. This is far easier to do than to overcome an offensive or disgraceful trick of behavior; for society will accord its sympathy to natural defects, but for acquired ones it reserves only its disgust.

Every reader will recall to mind some person toward whom he or she has felt some repugnance almost un-

endurable, merely from an offensive habit such a one has formed—sometimes a mere turn of the lip, a cast of the eye, or a peculiar inflection of the voice.

Often the habit has been formed of clearing the throat, or spitting profusely about, or picking the ears, or some other vulgar habit. These things will create a distaste for such persons in a fastidious mind; and deny it as much as we please, or call it squeamish or

silly, we are all in a greater or less degree fastidious.

It is the duty of every person to make himself agreeable to others. Most of these peculiarities of manner which create aversions are spontaneous in their origin, but becomes so habitual that they are unconscious of them. Many of them were formed in childhood, when habits are more easily removed than in after years. While we cannot like everybody, or be loved by everybody in return, still we should take especial care that we do not make ourselves personally offensive by habits and ways that shock the delicate fastidiousness of those around us.

We must never undervalue any person. The workman loves not to have his work despised in his presence. Now, God is present everywhere, and every per-

son is His work.

Do not be quick to speak; say much by a modest and judicious silence.

"Think twice and speak once" is good advice which,

alas, is but too seldom followed.

The secret of pleasing in conversation is not so much in talking yourself, as in inducing others to talk. The average man would rather hear himself talk than anyone else, and there is no subject on which he can wax more eloquent than the all-important topic of number one and what pertains to that individual. Therefore, I say, if you want to interest a man and gain his favor, make him talk of himself. Confine your utterances to enthusiastic monosyllables of assent or dissent, as the case may require, and he will vote you a brilliant conversationalist.

On the other hand, nothing disgusts the average man more than to hear some one prating about his own abilities. "Pshaw!" he says, "the fellow is all the time talking about himself." So you must be careful to avoid the subject of your own perfections, and say nothing about yourself, except in reply to a direct question.

Do not be quick to speak. "Least said, soonest mended," says the proverb. Weigh your words well before speaking and enunciate them clearly and distinctly, but in a natural and unaffected manner, avoiding all suggestion of pomposity. Finally be slow to speak evil of others and do not betray secrets. Tattle-tale is the most scornful word in a child's vocabulary, and grown people detest a gossip. Then again, think, think, before you speak!

Manhood begins when we have in any way made truce with necessity; but begins joyfully, and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to necessity.

He who wishes to preserve his own dignity and self-respect must be careful not to wound needlessly the self-respect of others.

Learn to save something from your income, be it ever so small. Do not be in a hurry to invest in "good things;" they generally prove to be the worst.

Never put your money in a business until you have studied it up; a little practical knowledge of your own

is better than trusting all to the other fellow.

The man who invests his money against the experience of his partner sometimes in the end finds he has made a bad "swap." Beware of loaning money to enable others to start business or speculate. When you are rich, you may take a risk of this kind, but not while you are struggling for yourself.

If you are a youth carefully select a trade or profession, and then master it; if you fail in business you will

always have something to fall back on.

Be truthful and honest. Nothing serves so well in the battle of life, or is so valuable as integrity of character. It is better than gold, always current, and impossible to be stolen.

Never brag about your savings. This will save you the disagreeable experience of refusing to lend them to

a friend.

Before associating yourself with any person in business, inquire into his personal character, his habits and

general fitness for the proposed enterprise.

Recollect that the savings of a lifetime are often swept away in a day by foolishly acting on the impulse, or being influenced by the glib tongue of a schemer. Always investigate, even if you pay for the information; the money thus expended frequently insures you against great loss, and cannot possibly lessen your chances for gain.

## The Best Way to Get Rich.

Are the experiences and methods of the man who began building his present fortune fifty years ago likely to be regarded by the city youth of to-day as of any practical benefit?

"In their details and as affecting young men at large—no," says the veteran William J. Onahan, who has been an observer of men and things for two generations. "The sane, sober, careful methods of fifty years ago are as applicable to-day to the founding of fortunes as ever they were in history. But they read too tamely for the young men of this strenuous age. The spirit of speculation has gone too far. The excitement of gaming, from the penny-tossing by the newsboys to the 'margining' in the bucket shops, has led the young men of to-day to look upon the methods of founding fortunes fifty years ago just as they would look upon the methods used at that time in sending merchandise from New York to San Francisco.

"You can't reach the masses of the young men of Chicago, for instance, by saying to them that the only way to build a safe, desirable and lasting fortune is by slow accretion, and that this accretion should begin with the first salary that they draw. Tell a young man who may be taking up business life that even on a salary of \$10 a week he should be laying some of it aside, and the chances are that he will laugh at you. Why? Simply because the temptation to spend never was so great as it is now. Yet this habit of saving is easier to acquire on \$10 a week than it will be afterward at \$25 a week, and you may be sure that it is the one dominant trait that must be at the foundation of fortune building.

"In the nervous energy of the present there is a general disposition abroad to shelve almost any philosophy of materialism fifty years old as being out of date. It has been so easy to say, 'Yes, you could do so and so once, but you can't do it now.'

"But a truth is a truth, and that permanent fortune must be the product of sound, conservative building is truer to-day, almost, than it ever was before. Most of the wealthy men of to-day began fortune building from the ground up. They began when habits of thrift and frugality were far more general in both old and young than they are now, and, while they worked longer hours for less pay, they saved more money.

"I have looked to the Civil War, always, as being the line of demarcation between the young man of yesterday and the young man of to-day. I don't know but what war is productive of the spirit of extravagance. It represents waste and ruin. It creates a feeling of unstableness. Certainly the great Civil War in this country changed the traits and characteristics of the people. Excitement took the place of repose. Speculation supplanted steady trade, and this has led to the spirit of gambling, which in one or another form has become dangerously widespread.

"Too many young men to-day have become infected with this passion. There is a haste to grow rich. Conservative methods in business are too slow. The hope of gaining fortune without labor has become widely

alluring.

"This is a fatal delusion. Even where wealth is thus gained, it is more often a curse than a blessing. The fortune quickly gained and without labor generally is as speedily dissipated. Yet just to the extent that we see flattering opportunities held out to young men for the making of fortunes by some short-cut, just to that extent one may guess that these propositions are accepted.

"No doubt there is now more restless energy displayed by young men in all pursuits than formerly, but there were more steadiness, greater perseverance, and, as a consequence, more lasting results fifty years ago. Then habits of life were simpler, temptations were less common, and extravagance of living comparatively unknown. Now it requires great strength of character in the young man to stand out against the temptations of environment. No doubt there is a certain fascination in these modern activities—in the whirl and excitement of latter day trading and speculation. Amusements, too, are more common and costly, and dissipations are more alluring.

"That there are \$2,500,000,000 in the savings banks of the United States and that the totals are increasing every year shows promise. At the same time, I am not sure that it would not be shown by analysis that adopted citizens from continental Europe lead as these depositors. At one time 'Yankee thrift' was proverbial. To some extent it may be true of the direct descendants of that old stock, but it has lost its significance when ap-

plied to the typical American.

"In these observations it should not be lost to mind that in general a vice is more apparent than a virtue. And on the surface we often see traits to be deplored—lack of reverence and respect for parents and parental authority, loss of the deference due to age, and a falling off in the chivalrous respect due to women.

"But as for opportunity for young men to-day, it is greater than it ever was before, only it is not to be sought in the bucket shops or on the race course. Steadiness, sobriety, and perseverance will assuredly bring their reward to the young men of to-day as in the past, and more swiftly. The enormous activities of the present age; the universal expansion of American trade which now as never before, pushes its giant ramifications all over the country, point to the gates of boundless possibilities to the energy and capacity of American enterprise. And the young men of to-day hold the keys."—W. J. Onahan.

Gold is one of the best and one of the worst, one of the most divine, and one of the most diabolic things in the world.

Gold is one of the bitterest possessions when we are sordidly attached to it; one of the sweetest when we give it through generosity and love for God.

You should tremble whenever you look upon a gold piece. You should tremble particularly to possess it, for you have before you good or evil, an angel or a devil.

According as you hoard it without necessity or give it to the poor, you bring from your purse hell or heaven.

—Fr. Lacordaire.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Give me the man who has been tried in the crucible, who has been purified by the fire of misfortune, and comes forth purged from vanity and its train of demands.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flip-

pant jesting.

Thousands of well-meaning young men have been failures largely from gruff, coarse, rude manners. A courteous disposition counts in the world to-day. Take two persons, possessing equal advantages in every other respect, but let one be kind, obliging, and conciliating, the other disobliging, rude, harsh and insolent, and the one will become rich while the other will starve. Those who throw their good deeds should not always expect them to be caught with a thankful smile. But "there is no policy like politeness," and courtesy is profitable advertising.

Manners are not a garment to be taken off; they are the flesh and blood of life itself. They are a person's habitual ways of doing everything; they show in the smallest details and in the largest matters alike. They are so intimately and so essentially part of us that they express us better than we know. The most fugitive deed and word, the mere air of doing a thing, the intimated purpose, expresses character. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. Our manners are the measures of our real selves.

A person with truly good manners, then, to begin with, must be a good person, kind and gentle. Mere polish does not make manners, though many foolish minds appear to think so; for selfishness and even evil can be veneered and polished into a very fair imitation of the real thing, though it can never be more than an imitation. Real manners stand the test of any searching occasion; for they go as deep as character itself.

The manners that keep their gentle courtesy through defeat or ill luck, that claim no advantage over an adversary, that do not unduly exult in victory, are a testimonial to their possessor's thorough good breeding that exceeds any framed pedigree or crested note paper.

Good manners are a part of good morals, and it is as much a man's duty as a man's interest to practice both.

In the noise and tumult of the world where every life is invaded and encroached upon by "the pride of man" and "the strife of tongues," we wrap around us the robe of God's eternal mercy in Jesus Christ, and look out undaunted upon the dangers that cannot harm us there.

—Phillips Brooks.

The mischief of flattery is not that it persuades any man that he is what he is not, but that it suppresses the influence of honest ambition by raising an opinion that honor may be gained without the merit of toil.—Johnson.

Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

-Anon.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—Chesterfield.

The manner of saying or doing anything goes a great way towards the value of the thing itself.—Seneca.

I believe more follies are committed out of complaisance to the world than in following our own inclinations.—Lady Mary Montagu.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices .-

Emerson.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance, and the parent of liberty.— Johnson.

He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence and invite corruption. -Johnson.

> To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile, Assiduously wait upon her; And gather gear by every wile That's justified by honor; Not for to hide it in a hedge, Not for a trained attendant; But for the glorious privilege Of being independent.

Riches is a comparative term; but every person is rich who has more income than outgo. When this degree of riches is reached a man can act deliberately, he is more independent, and if his tastes and ambition call for greater wealth, the way to affluence is much easier.

Recollect that one of the greatest helps to prosperity and riches is health. It is so priceless that the wealthiest person in the world would give his whole fortune to possess it if it were necessary. Therefore, always guard your health. Health makes us enjoy a crust of bread with a cup of water, while the most sumptuous banquet has no charms for the sick; next to honor, health is the dearest possession to man or woman.

Be prudent, but do not be mean. The poorest person has the power of doing some good to a fellow-sufferer. If ever so little, give to the worthy needy according to your circumstances. It will make you feel better, and always gives pleasure when remembered. Besides, many a poor person has become fortunate, and the friends of

adversity should win the gratitude of all true hearts.

Benjamin Franklin said: "The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words: industry and frugality; that is, waste not time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything."

He who plays with dollars in his youth will probably

have to beg for farthings in his age.—Howe.

Thousands of people might be enjoying reasonable lives, with opportunities for self-culture, for social enjoyment, and for charitable effort, whose whole energy is absorbed in the desperate struggle to add superfluities to comforts. . . .

The bad fortune of the good turns their faces up to heaven, and the good fortune of the bad bows their

heads down to earth.—Saadi.

He is poor whose expenses exceed his income.—De La Bruyère.

I take him to be the only rich man that lives upon what he has, owes nothing, and is contented.—Howe.

One of the great battles that we have to fight in this world—for twenty great battles have to be fought, all at once and in one—is the battle with appearances.—George Macdonald.

The fear of what people will think is an enemy to

all manliness, independence and sincerity.

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

He who is most slow in making a promise, is the most

faithful in the performance of it.—Rousseau.

Incivility is not a vice of the soul, but the effect of several vices—of vanity, ignorance of duty, laziness, stupidity, distraction, contempt of others, and jealousy.

—De La Bruyère.

The best traits of character in a beginner that promise success are: first, integrity; second, earnestness;

third, application to detail.—Samuel Smiles.

The mind should be fixed upon the highest position; and the constant struggle to attain it, is the strongest incentive to win success.—Col. M. J. O'Brien.

Always be steadfast and loyal in promoting the interests of your employers, and let integrity be your guiding star.—*Ibid*.

Pay every debt as soon as it is due.—Col. Albert A.

Pope.

It is one thing to be economical, and quite another to

be stingy and mean.—Ibid.

I cannot too strongly impress upon young men the absolute indispensability of politeness.—George G. Williams.

Experience is the name men give to their follies or their sorrows.

A reputation will always work for you or against you. We do not need the half of what we demand in order to make life comfortable. A slender income with a warm heart is better than riches and a restless soul.

The man who makes the most of the little that he has is of more intrinsic worth than he who owns worlds, but

is unhappy because he has not more.

There is hardly a day passes but that brings to one's attention the absolute necessity of taking care of the future with a policy of life insurance, either an endowment policy, if one can afford it, or what is called straight life, or industrial insurance. There is no man, whatever his condition may be, who should not carry a policy for some amount, if even for no other purpose than that of taking care of his own funeral expenses and clearing up such bills which will inevitably accumulate.

There is no profession so forbidding, no work so crabbed, that a man who strives to exact the utmost happiness from it may not twine about it roses of fancy and hide the most of its thorns.

I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life; the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shirk from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who, out of these, wins the splendid, ultimate triumph.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Money is a good thing. It is a foolish affectation to deny it. But it is not the only good thing, and after a certain amount has been amassed it ceases to be the chief even of material good things. It is far better, for instance, to do well a bit of work which is well worth doing.—Ibid.

Truth, justice, and reason lose all their force, and all their luster, when they are not accompanied with agree-

able manners.—Thomson.

Bad manners are a species of bad morals. A consciencious man will not grossly offend in that way.—Bovel.

The manner of a vulgar man has freedom without ease, and the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom.—*Chesterfield*.

To be always thinking about your manners is not the way to make them good; because the very perfection of manners is not to think about yourself.—Whately.

There is a deportment which suits the figure and talents of each person; it is always lost when we quit it to assume that of another.—Rousseau.

In society, good temper and animal spirits are nearly everything. They are of more importance than sallies of

wit or refinements of understanding. They give a general tone of cheerfulness and satisfaction to the company. The French have the advantage over us in external manners. They breathe a lighter air and have a brisker circulation of the blood.—Hazlitt.

Parents are commonly more careful to bestow wit on their children than virtue, the art of speaking well than doing well; but their manners ought to be the great con-

cern.—Fuller.

What a rare gift, by the by, is that of manners! How difficult to define, how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them than wealth, beauty, or talent; they will more than supply all .- Bulwer Lytton.

A well-bred man is always sociable and complaisant.—

Montaigne.

Fine manners are the mantle of fair minds.—Alcott. Manners are ornaments of action.—Samuel Smiles.

Civility costs nothing and buys everything.—Mary

Wortley Montagu.

As a man's salutation, so is the total of his character; in nothing do we lay ourselves so open as in our manner of meeting and salutation.—Lavater.

Nothing except what flows from the heart can render

even external manners truly pleasing.—Blair.

When we listen to folks retailing faults that have no need of publicity, our curiosity is aroused to this effectis the narrator without sin?

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, wealthy not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully; do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is my symphony.—Channing.

False sayings, such as, It is impossible to be honest and to make a living, commend themselves only to the weak

and incompetent.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.
"The fact is," said the senior member of the firm, when the co-partnership papers were signed, "you have been one of us from the day you came to us an office boy. You have shown the same enthusiasm for our service that a soldier displays in fighting for his flag."

We earnestly entreat every young man, after he has chosen a vocation to stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck or disagreeable work per-

formed.

Those who have worked their way up to wealth and influence do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class, but may be reckoned among such as pulled off their coats, rolled up their sleeves, conquered their prejudices against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day.

Whether upon the old farm, where our fathers toiled diligently, striving to bring the soil to productiveness, in the machine shop or in the factory, or the thousand other business places that invite honest toil and skill, let the motto ever be, Perseverance and Industry. Stick to one

thing, boys, and you will have success.

God gives all things to industry.

A good occupation prevents mental dissipation.

Atmosphere is everything to a small artist; some men would paint perfectly in heaven. The real artist, however, can work in a factory.

No one will ever govern well who has not become a thorough master in the art of obeying well.—Ignatius

Loyala.

No man is above politeness and no man below it. Louis the XIV, a proud and autocratic monarch, always raised his hat to the poorest peasant woman; and a greater man than he, George Washington, wrote the first American book of etiquette.

The president of the London Chamber of Commerce gives these maxims, which he has tested through years of business experience and which he recommends as tend-

ing to insure success:

Have a definite aim. Go straight for it. Master all details. Always know more than your are expected to know. Remember that difficulties are only made to be overcome. Treat failures as stepping-stones to further effort. Listen well, answer cautiously, decide promptly. Preserve by all means in your power "a sound mind in a sound body."





CHAPTER IV.

# Opportunity, Duty, Truth.

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,

In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side.—Lowell.

If you have but an hour, will you improve that hour

instead of idling it away?—Chesterfield.

The greatest friend of truth is time, her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her constant companion is humility.—Colton.

I slept, and dreamed that life is beauty: I awoke and saw that it is duty.

There is no remedy for time misspent; No healing for the waste of idleness, Whose very languor is a punishment

Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.

O hours of indolence and discontent,

Not now to be redeemed! ye sting not less Because I know this span of life was lent

For lofty duties, nor for selfishness.

Not to be whiled away in aimless dreams, But to improve ourselves, and serve mankind,

Life and its choicest faculties were given—
Man should be ever better than he seems;

And shape his acts, and discipline his mind, To walk adoring earth, with hope of heaven.

-Aubrey de Vere.

While yet thy days are long,

And this fair change of seasons passes slow, Gather and treasure up the good they yield.

-Bryant.

My friend, you make very free with your days; pray, how many do you except to have?—De Quincey.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time.—Bacon.

Look not mournfully into the Past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present: it is thine.—Longfellow.

Hold fast by the Present! Every situation—nay, every moment—is of infinite value, for it is the representative

of a whole eternity.

Do the duty which lies nearest to you. Every duty which is bidden to wait, returns with seven fresh duties at its back.—C. Kingsley.

Full many a day for ever is lost
By delaying its work till to-morrow;
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.

-Eliza Cook.

Time wasted, is existence; used, is life.—Young.

You may delay, but time will not.

A man is not always irresponsible for his opinions; for he may hold erroneous opinions because he has not desired or sought diligently for the truth, which, with a proper exercise of his faculties, he might have found.

—Dr. Brownson.

-Dr. Brownson.

He that doeth the truth cometh to the light.—John iii, 21.

Remember that to-day shall never dawn again.

Time breathes his mists on the vast ocean of ages, and rolls along the surface, the dark, impenetrable fog of forgetfulness.—P. J. O. Chauveau.

Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm, eloquence produces conviction for the moment, but it is only by truth to nature and the everlasting institutions of mankind that those abiding influences are won that enlarge from generation to generation.—Lowell.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of a life-

time is unrolled.

What about the twenty, and thirty, and fifty, and a hundred thousand years of eternity? The moment that is flying holds more eternity than all our past, and the future holds none at all.—Father Faber.

By whomsoever Truth is spoken, it is spoken by the aid of Him who is Truth itself.—St. Augustine.

Time takes heavy toll as we pass, one after one, the Janus-gated years, but he goes bravely on who bears with him the perfume of the morning, and the lavish heart of youth.—Benjamin F. Taylor.

The most valuable thing on this earth is time; since it is the price of eternity, inasmuch as with time—with only one instant of time—we can purchase an eternal joy! How careful, then, should we be of so precious a possession, and how solicitous to spend every moment of it in the most perfect manner, and with the greatest profit possible.—Fr. Duffy, S. J.

Future or Past no richer secret folds,
O friendless Present! than thy bosom holds.
—Emerson.

The True Past departs not; nothing that was worthy in the past departs—no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies, or can die.—Carlyle.

The mere lapse of years is not life. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence.—James Martineau.

We are apt to believe what is pleasant rather than what is true.—Addison.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."—Emerson.

The one secret of life and development is not to desire and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work, to do every moment's duty aright.—George Macdonald.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again; The eternal years of God are hers. But Error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies among his worshipers.

Seize the Truth where'er it's found On Christian or on heathen ground. The Truth's divine where'er it grows. Leave thou the thorns but pluck the rose.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.—Ruskin.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do, and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that every day may be the last one, and that lost time is lost eternity.—Max Muller.

We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—P. F. Railey

Very few people are good economists of their fortune,

and still fewer of their time.—Chesterfield.

We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.—Addison.

Many a man spends half his time anticipating to-morrow and the other half in regretting yesterday.

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.—Richard

III

Time is short, your obligations are infinite. Are your houses regulated, your children instructed, the afflicted relieved, the poor visited, the work of piety accomplished?—Massillon.

Drive the minutes or they will drive you.

Some squander time, some invest it, some kill it. That precious half hour a day which many of us throw away, rightly used, would save us from the ignorance which mortifies us, the narrowness and pettiness which always attend too exclusive application to our callings. It would tinge and color the day as the drop of ruby liquid imparts its hue to the gallon of water in a druggist's globe. Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life and the neglected opportunity.—Success.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived and apt to have ague fits.

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music

at midnight.—George Herbert.

Make use of time, if thou lovest eternity; know, yesterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be assured; to-day only is thine; one to-day is worth two to-morrows.

—Enchiridion.

Love, the true love of God, is the love of His truth, of His holiness, of His whole will; the true love is that which reflects itself in obedience; the true love is that which stirs and purifies the conscience.—Vinet.

Only truth commands truth; he who lies will always

be deceived.

As the ivy clings to a lofty tower, so should we cling to the truth.

It makes no difference whether we be praised or blamed by men, as in reality we are only that which we are before God.—Ven. Clement.

Shun delays, they breed remorse; Use thy time while time is lent thee. Good is best when soonest wrought. Lingering labors come to naught.

-Southwell.

Truth comes to us only by glimpses. There are some who refuse to receive a partial truth, who insist upon having a clear idea of the whole, or at least upon persuading themselves that they have it, before they yield assent to anything. They will believe nothing which they cannot understand, they say, forgetting that, although we may both believe and understand many things to be true, it is only by occasional glimpses that we can ever discover how they came to be so. For instance, we all believe the wonders of the natural world, the existence and motions of the planets and stars, the changes in the earth's surface, the marvelous growth in the vegetable world, and the still more wonderful development of the animal creation-of conscious life and human in-In believing these things we understand that they are so, how they came to be so, how they perform their several functions, what are the laws which uphold them and the forces they obey-these things we do not understand, except as study or thought, or participation in another's thought, give us glimpses of the truth.

Benevolence is a duty. He who frequently practices it, and sees some of his benevolent intentions realized, at length comes really to love him to whom he hath done good. When it is said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," it is not meant thou shalt love him first, and do good to him in consequence of that love; but thou shalt do good to thy neighbor, and this, thy benevolence, will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the fullness and consummation of the inclination to do good.

It is love in duties that God regards more than the

duties themselves.

Rise! for the day is passing;
The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle:—
Arise! for the foe is here!

Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past!

-Procter.

Catch, then, O catch, the transient hour; Improve each moment as it flies; Life's a short summer—man a flower— He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

-Johnson.

Never esteem anything as of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose thy self-respect.

—Marcus Aurelius.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

—Herrick.

The first of all gospels is this, that a lie can not endure forever.—Carlyle.

For he who once is guilty of a lie
Is always doubted though he speaketh true.

—Calderon

Now is the time for sowing the seed For the harvest of future years, Now is the time for a noble deed, While the need for the work appears.

You must earn the bread of your liberty
By the toil and the sweat of your brow
And hasten the good time yet to be
By improving the good time now.

There is not a moment without some duty.

Nothing can atone for the want of truth; not the most brilliant imagination, the most playful fancy, the most pure feeling (supposing that feeling could be pure and false at the same time), not the most comprehensive grasp of intellect, can make amends for the want of truth. And that for two reasons: First, because falsehood is in itself revolting and degrading, and secondly, because Nature is so immeasurably superior to all the human mind can conceive, that every departure from her is a fall beneath her, so that there can be no such thing as an ornamental falsehood. All falsehood must be a blot as well as a sin, an injury as well as a deception.—Ruskin.

If you do your duty with patience,
No matter how homely the toil,
You're sure to find at the ending,
What sloth cannot master or soil.
If your standard is lofty and steadfast,
You may win if you climb with a will,
The prize to be yours by possession
Must be sought at the top of the hill.
Whenever Temptation is present,
Don't loiter and list to her say,
'Tis best to avoid a near danger,
By getting well out of the way.

Those who never retract their opinion love themselves more than they love truth.

It is difficult to persuade men that the love of virtue is the love of themselves.

The man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part;
He never needs the screen of lies
His inward bosom to disguise.
—Gay.

The man who prefers his dearest friend to the call of duty will soon show that he prefers himself to his dearest friend.

NO;

Learn to speak this little word
In its proper place;
Let no timid doubt be heard,
Cloth'd with skeptic grace;
Let thy lips, without disguise,
Boldly pour it out,
Though a thousand dulcet lies
Keep hovering about.
For be sure our lives would lose
Future years of woe,
If our courage could refuse
The present hour with "No."

-Eliza Cook.

Dost thou love life? Then waste not time, for time is the stuff that life is made of.—Franklin.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every evening will find something done.—Goethe.

Everything comes if a man will only wait.—Disraeli.

Never idle precious time;
Never grumble, scold, or whine;
As far as earth is from the skies,
Above all petty quarrels rise.

At the falling of another,

Be it friend or be it brother,

Never sneer, and ne'er deride.

Help the weak and conquer pride.

Every violation of truth is a stab at the health of human society.

As you value the approbation of Heaven and the esteem of men, cultivate the love of truth. Ingenuity and candor possess the most powerful charms; they bespeak universal favor, and carry an apology for almost every failing.

We cannot stay thy footsteps, Time!
Thy flight no hand may bind,
Save His whose foot is on the sea,
Whose voice is on the wind;
Yet when the stars from their bright spheres
Like living flames are hurled,
Thy mighty form will sink beneath
The ruins of a world!

If you loved only what were worth your love, Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you. Make the low nature better by your throes! Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

—Browning.

It is not enough that we swallow truth; we must feed upon it, as insects do upon the leaf, till the whole heart be colored by its qualities, and shows its food in every part.—Coleridge.

Truth hovers about the thoughtful and smiles on

them unawares.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

Crowns of roses fade; crowns of thorns endure. Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold on humanity. The triumphs of might are transient; they pass away and are forgotten. The sufferings of right are graven

deepest on the chronicle of nations.—Fr. Ryan.

Happiness is to be found in no road, but that of duty. Real respect or esteem cannot be bought by all the wealth in the world. But the beauty which beams from moral worth will not be dimmed by time or fortune; the more known, the more will it be admired; and the lapse of years which shades other beauty will only give to this an increasing luster. Walk steadily on in the path of duty whithersoever that path may lead you. There neither is nor can be any middle ground between right and wrong. Excel in every good word and work.

Thrift of time is as necessary as thrift of money, and he who knows how to save time has learned the secret of accumulating educational opportunity. Men who regard it as sinful to waste money, waste time with a prodigal's lavishness because they do not understand the value of short periods of time. Society is full of people who might enrich themselves a hundred fold and make their lives immensely more interesting if they

learned this commonplace truth.

#### The Course of Truth.

"Him God raised up the third day, and showed Him openly, not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God."

When royal Truth, released from mortal throes, Burst His brief slumber, and triumphant rose, Ill had the Holiest sued

A patron multitude,

Or courted Tetrarch's eye, or claimed to rule

By the world's winning grace, or proof from learned school.

But, robing Him in viewless air, He told His secret to a few of meanest mold;

They in their turn imparted Their gift to men pure-hearted.

While the brute many heard His mysteries high, As some strange fearful tongue, and crouch'd they knew not why.

Still is the might of Truth, as it has been, Lodged in the few, obey'd and yet unseen.

Rear'd on four heights, and rare, His saints their watch-flame bear,

And the mad world sees the wide-circling blaze,

Vain search whence it streams and how to quench its

rays.

—Cardinal Newman.

Truth is the goal of human aspiration.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed, Whose deeds, both great and small, Are close-knit strands of unbroken thread, Where love ennobles all.

The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells; The book of life the shining record tells. Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes After its own life working. A child's kiss Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad. A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong. Thou shalt be served thyself in every sense Of service which thou renderest.

-Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

## Opportunity, Duty, Truth.

If I can live

To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,

Or e'en impart

One throb of comfort to an aching heart, Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend

A strong hand to the fallen, or defend The right against a single envious strain, My life, though bare,

Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,

Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine,
And 'twill be well

If on that day of days the angels tell

Of me: "She did her best for one of Thine."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.





CHAPTER V.

## Thoughts, Words, Deeds.

The great high-road of human welfare lies along the

old highway of steadfast well-doing.—Smiles.

If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress.—Lacon.

Noble desires, unless filled up with action, Are but a shell of gold, hollow within.

-Roscoe.

Faith shares the future's promise; Love's Self-offering is a triumph won; And each good thought or action moves The dark world nearer to the sun.

—J. G. Whittier.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—Charron.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices, or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—Sir Humphry Davy.

If you would help others, forget yourself; for self-

interest destroys all good.

A kindly thought toward a fellow mortal has but little virtue in it if it be not transmuted into a generous deed.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

Goodness and love mold the form into their own image, and cause the beauty and joy of love to shine

forth from every part of the face.

Few can utter words of wisdom, but opportunity to speak kind words is offered to every one and they are more helpful.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

You never lose by doing a good act.

How many people would be mute if they were forbidden to speak well of themselves and evil of others?

Never to give up, but ever to keep up and to keep at it, is the duty and the test of heroism in times that are hard and in hours that are dark

hard and in hours that are dark.

The only sacrifice agreeable to God is that which the fire of charity consumes on the altar of good works.—

St. Gregory the Great.

Be good, do good, and you will be happy.

Never call that little which God tells you to do; it may be the last grain in the balance that shall turn the

scale of a life-destiny.

Let it, however, be remembered, that he who has money to spare, has it always in his power to benefit others; and, of such power a good man must always be desirous.—Johnson.

When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature.—Sydney Smith.

Thinking has often made me very unhappy, acting never has. Do something—do good if you can, but do something.—Mrs. Gaskell.

Good actions give strength to ourselves, and inspire

good actions in others.—Samuel Smiles.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will

never do anything.—Johnson.

And if our brethren were not kind, this earth were but a dreary place.—Bryant.

Think that day lost whose descending sun Views from thy hand no noble action done.

—Jacob Bobart.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.—Confucius.

Those who are quite satisfied, sit still and do nothing; those who are not quite satisfied, are the sole benefactors

of the world.—W. S. Landor.

The hospitality of some people has no roof to it. Ten people will give you a dinner for one who will offer you a bed and a breakfast.—George Macdonald.

Sure of the Spring that warms them into birth, The golden germs thou trusteth to the earth; Heed'st thou as well to sow in Time

The seeds of Wisdom for eternity—good deeds.
—Schiller.

There is nothing truly great save goodness.—Bossuet. How often has good grain fallen into a corner of the heart, and when it has been long forgotten, all at once

puts forth the blade and comes into ear. It is a treasure laid aside in a time of ignorance, and we do not know its value till the day we find ourselves in need of it.—

An Attic Philosopher.

The way of life is by no means smooth, but let us not make it rougher than it is. The world is not all we could wish; but, if it goes wrong, let us not spend ourselves trying to make it go worse. Rather let us make it a little smoother, and a little pleasanter by our disposition, manners and deeds. If men in general are out of sorts, there is the worse need of our being in sorts.

Every good action has a merit, that is a certain conformity to the will of God, and every evil action has a demerit that is a deformity, which will be followed by

punishment.

There is something so noble and elevating in thoughtfulness, that it cannot be wholly expressed in words. By thoughtfulness I mean consideration for others' failings, forgetfulness of self, joined by a constant and generous desire to be of service. It makes us resemble our Lord, who thought not of Himself, nor of His comfort, but of the welfare of others.

I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show or any good I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—

Anon.

We are commanded to beware of idle speaking; beware we also of things which foster it—idle hearing and idle seeing, and knowledge of idle things.—Pusey.

The effect of noble thoughts, just privileges, of ele-

vated conceptions, is never lost.—Alison.

The virtues of a man are seen in his actions.—Cicero. That best portion of a good man's life, his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.—Wordsworth.

Kindness: A language which the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand.

No human being ever yet was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is no pang of remorse as keen as the bitterness with which we remember neglect or coldness shown to loved ones that are dead. Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In

many families a habit of nagging, crossness or ill-natured gibing, gradually covers the real feelings of love that lie deep beneath. And after all, it is such a little way that we can go together.

A good thought propagated is an angel, who sets forth in the name and for the benefit of those who send

him, to do good wherever his mission lies.

You long to accomplish works of mercy, so sweet to the soul, so meritorious before heaven; to give alms, for instance; but you are poor. Send a thought suggestive simply of the happiness of giving, and, guided by Providence, it will touch the heart of some rich man, until moved by it he will dispense his riches widely, and the good God will have two persons to reward—the giver and the inspirer of the gift.

You wish to visit those who are sick and in prison, to console mourners, and speak of God to little children who do not know Him; but your duty keeps you within the strict inclosure of a family circle. Send out a thought speaking of God's goodness, of the blessing and merit of suffering, of the sweet repose of Paradise which may soon be ours. This thought will call forth a smile, a hope, an act of love, and God will thank you for a soul which was, perhaps, forgetting Him.

A fervent soul at the point of death said, "What comforts me about the judgment of God is the devout books and good reading that I have distributed during my life. It seems as if every good thought they have suggested or will suggest must plead for me with the good God."

How many hearts, long locked and hard,
Have to their inmost depths been stirred,
And evermore remained unbarred
By just a little kindly word!
Hearts that the world had tried to break,
Or even bend—but all in vain—
Their strong foundation none could shake,
They only steeled beneath their pain.

Life is too short, and overmuch
We feel the chilling shrug or sneer;
But oh! the kindly word and touch
Have power to soothe, and force to cheer;
And yet for years and years apart
Some friend may dwell in anguished mind,
While all it needs to reach his heart
Is just some word or action kind.

The gentle word and gracious voice
Are set to sweetest harmony;
Their music bids the heart rejoice,
And though we may not, God can see
The imprint of His Love Divine,
In characters by time unblurred,
On loving acts and tender sign,
And ev'ry little kindly word.

—E. A. O'Reilly.

Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beat no gong, and yet, far over the waters, its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let our actions shine out. Let the main sermon of our lives be illustrated by our conduct, and it shall not fail to be eloquent and fruitful.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret act of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes,—
These are not lost.

The kindly plan devised for others' good, So seldom guessed, but little understood; The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win Some wanderers from the ways of sin,—

These are not lost.

-Richard Metcalf.

How many regrets, how many sighs, how many tears are oftentimes the price of one thoughtless word!—St. Vincent.

As a man hath but two hands and but two feet, so he hath but two kinds of ways for those feet, but two sorts of works for those hands. His deeds be either good or bad, his ways either right or wrong.—Thomas Adams.

The unwelcome kick of a mule may leave a black-andblue mark, but one unkind word may often cause more pain:

Soft words may appease an angry man—bitter words never will. Would you throw fuel on a house in flames in order to entire wish the free?

in order to extinguish the fire?

More hearts pine away in secret anguish from the want of kindness from those who should be their comfort than from any other calamities in life.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is

bound together.—Goethe.

The only important thing in good works is the amount of love we put into them. The *soul* of an action is its motive.—Faber.

Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that occasion is offered for doing a great deed. True

greatness consists in being great in little things.

We condemn gossip—scandal's twin sister—yet it is a fault easily committed. We begin by a gentle deprecatory reference to somebody's infirmity of temper, and we find ourselves specifying a particular time and scene, which straightway the one who hears tells to some one else with additions, slight, perhaps, but material. Before we know it we have stirred up a hornet's nest. This may be done without any more potent motive than a mere love of fun-and half the gossip in the social world is of the unthinking kind indulged in merely from a spirit of drollery. Far worse is that other sort of talk which ends in slander and begins in malice, and which separates friends and sunders ties of years of intercourse with its sharp and jarring discords. The only way to avoid this evil is to refrain from making the affairs of our friends a staple article of conversation in the household. There are plenty of subjects at hand—let us carefully avoid personalities.

Kind words—as the breath of the dew to the tender plant, they gently fall upon the drooping heart, refreshing its withered tendrils and soothing its burning woes. Bright oases they are in life's great desert. Who can estimate the pangthey have alleviated, or the good works they have accomplished? Long after they are uttered do they reverberate in the soul's inner chamber, and sing low, sweet, liquid strains, that quell all the raging storms that may have before existed, and oh! when the heart is sad, and, like a broken harp, the sweetest chords of pleasure cease to vibrate, who can tell the power of one kind word? One little word of tenderness gushing in upon the soul will sweep the long-neglected chords,

and awaken the most pleasant strains.

When, borne down with the troubles of life, we are ready to sink fainting by the way, how like the cheerful rays of sunshine do kind words come. They disperse the clouds, dispel the gloom, and drive sorrow far away. Kind words are like jewels in the heart, never to be forgotten, but perhaps to cheer by their memory a long sad life, while words of cruelty are like darts in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars that will be borne to the grave by their victim. Why is it, then, that we do not always seek by kind words to scatter sunbeams along the pathway of others?

It has been well said: "The pains we spend upon our mortal selves will perish with ourselves; but the care we give out of a good heart to others, the efforts of disinterested duty, the deeds and thoughts of pure affection, are never lost."

We need never be useless; a pious word, an act of kindness, are so many seeds which always bear fruit.

Boyle O'Reilly's little poem, "What Is Good?" contains the whole philosophy of the best thing in the world—"kindness is the word!"

What sad heart has not been made glad by kindness? It fills the world with sunshine and fragrance. There is a magic in it greater than the art of the sorcerer; it lifts the weight from the overburdened spirit, it heals the wounded feelings; it kindles a gleam of hope for the despairing, and encourages the timid to higher effort.

It is the little acts of kindness which make up the sum total of human happiness. A pleasant word, a smile, a caress, even a glance of the eye, may often light up the face of sorrow with joy. It is strange that a thing that costs such little effort is so often undervalued and neglected.

Kindness is also a great virtue. A man who is unkind is not a practical Christian, for Christ was always kind. Integrity, industry and kindness are the three great hinges of respectability, success and happiness among men.

A great amount of suffering and evils without number might be avoided if we would but cherish in our hearts the determination to make those about us happy. Then the satisfaction of giving a cup of cold water in Christ's name would bring its own reward, though no earthly observer see or praise the action.

Even our bitterest enemies may sometimes be overcome by a kind act or word. What a pleasant place this world would be "if hearts were always kind!" Christ left us by His example and precepts the law of love and kindness, which makes "a heaven of heaven!" True it is, "kindness is the word!"

As one fault leads to another, so one good deed disposes us to perform others.

Thoughtfulness teaches us to adapt ourselves to those with whom we come in contact; to study their likes and dislikes, that we may, in all lawful things, give them pleasure and avoid whatever tends to cause them anger or disgust.

We may note the faults of others, for by them we may be taught a useful lesson; we may give them an understanding, but no tongue, always remembering that "To others' faults we should be ever kind, To others' virtues never blind."

In association with others we should bear in mind one great truth: None are wholly bad; there is some good, be it ever so little, in every man. We cannot always see it, nevertheless it is there. Consequently we must never look down on anyone, for however lowly he may now appear, "he may one day be our superior by being truer to his gifts than we are to ours." If we are truly thoughtful, kindliness will animate all our actions, for often, as the poet beautifully remarks:

"O, many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

It is not so very difficult to be thoughtful, if one really tries. A cheery smile, a pleasant word, a sincerely meant "Good morning" are not much in themselves, yet oftentimes they bring peace and consolation to a desolate heart. A sympathetic glance, a heartfelt pressure of the hand—what power these have to comfort and to soothe.

Thoughtfulness, however, to produce the best results, must be tactful; for then it becomes a peculiar aptitude of acting under all circumstances with the greatest delicacy and propriety. This happy quality is the result or consequence of refinement, and genuine refinement belongs rather to the heart than to the head. "Therefore," as St. Bonaventure says, "let more attention be given to training the heart than to developing the mind."

Should we in our efforts not be met half-way, we should not, on that account, grow discouraged; nor should we give way to impatience, for a hasty word once uttered can with difficulty be recalled. The complaint of Cassius to Brutus should be ever ringing in our ears: "A friend should bear his friend's infirmities." To get on with others, then, we need thoughtfulness. It teaches us to rise above self, to care for the interests and feelings of others; it bids us have a kind word ever upon our lips, a pleasant greeting for all, and manifest sympathy for those in sorrow or distress.

Thoughtfulness for others tends to make us earnest, straightforward and sincere. Though they may not appreciate what we do for them, still the thought of duty done will be a source of pleasure which ingratitude cannot wholly destroy. It is in man's nature to fail; let it

be in our higher nature to forgive and by constant endeavors to realize, at least in ourselves, the happiness and joy to be found in thoughtfulness for others.

However inconsiderable the act, there is something in the well-doing of it which has fellowship with the no-

blest forms of manly virtue.—Ruskin.

The world might be divided into those who let things go, and to those who do not; into the forces and facts, the slaves and fancies; into those who are always doing something on God's creative lines and others striving against them.—George Macdonald.

Let a man do all the good he can, and whenever he can, he will never do too much for his own happiness,

or the happiness of others.—Bentham.

We tarnish the splendor of our best actions by too often speaking of them.—Blair.

I count this thing to be grandly true:

That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To purer air and broader view.

-J. G. Holland.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.—Lavater.

What do we live for, if it is not to make life less dif-

ficult to each other?—George Eliot.

No man yet came to beggary by giving alms; no man was ever yet made poor by a holy prodigality; for by the act in which he impoverished himself, he laid God under the pledge, sealed seven times, to restore to him in abundance, that which He gave according to His promise.

One must be poor to know the luxury of giving.

The poor hold out their hands, but God receives what

is given to them.

Alms multiply alms, and there is special blessing upon all unselfishness. No gifts are so much blessed as those given by such as are in need themselves.

Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal,

eloquence or learning.—Faber.

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name, in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.—Chalmers.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed.

Hold up to earth the torch divine.
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the Great Master's steps be thine.
Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

Just live thy life in full content,
Do all thy best with what is sent,
Thou but receivest what was meant.
Just live thy life.

Just live thy life. Be not in fear.

The strength of wrong shall disappear,
And right is ever drawing near.

Just live thy life.

Just live thy life. Seem what thou art, Nor from simplicity depart, And peace shall come upon thy heart. Just live thy life.





## Books, Education, Wisdom.

Reading maketh the full man; writing maketh the correct man, and speaking maketh the ready man.—

Lord Bacon.

To educate is to give man full power over all his in-

tellectual, moral and physical faculties.

Apply the results of your reading to your every-day

life.—David Pryde.

The truth is, that ignorance and indifference are almost the same; we are sure to grow interested as fast as our knowledge extends, in any subject whatever.—W. B. O. Peabody.

With pleasure own your errors past, And make each day a critic of the last.—Pope.

Knowledge is that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.—Addison.

Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.—

Reynolds.

He that studies books alone will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how

things are.—Colton.

He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful companion,

an effectual comforter.—Isaac Barrow.

A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up, on purpose to a life beyond life.—Milton.

Force yourself to reflect on what you read, paragraph by paragraph.—Coleridge.

There is an art of which every man should be master,

the art of reflection.—Ibid.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection must finish him.—Locke.

The first ingredient of conversation is truth; the sec-

ond, good sense; the third, good humor.

Every absurdity hath a champion to defend it, for error is always talkative.—Goldsmith.

As in men, so in books, the soul is all with which our souls must deal; and the soul of the book is whatever beautiful, true and noble we can find in it.—Charles Kingsley.

#### An Educated Man.

What is an "educated" man or woman and how is he or she to be distinguished? Professor Butler, of Columbia, proposes five tests of education in the broadest sense of the term:

1. Correctness and precision in the use of the mother

tongue.

- 2. Those refined and gentle manners which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and of action.
  - The power and habit of reflection.The power of intellectual growth.

5. Efficiency, the power to do.

This brief list constitutes such a good answer to a dif-

ficult question that it is given here without comment.

A person is made by the company he keeps in the world of books no less than in the world at large. Low, coarse associates will leave their impress on the mind, whether we meet them at school, on the street, in the shop or attractively set forth in the pages of some book. Just so with those that are pure and ennobling. If we seek their society, and enter into their aims, we shall become like them. Choose your friends with discretion, and your books with good judgment; and you will grow toward the high standard of perfection.

Learning teaches how to carry things in suspense

without prejudice till your resolve.—Bacon.

The talents granted to a single individual do not benefit himself alone, but are gifts to the world; every one shares them, for every one suffers or benefits by his actions. Genius is a lighthouse, meant to give light from afar; the man who bears it is but the rock upon which the lighthouse is built.—An Attic Philosopher.

It is strange that most students should inquire with much diligence concerning the virtues of plants, the motions of the stars, the transmutations of metals and other similar subjects, while few or none make it their purpose to acquire a good mind, though all other things are to be esteemed not so much for themselves as for their influence on the right use of reason.—Descartes.

Learn to live with the thoughts which are symbols of His Eternal Being and thou shalt come to feel that nothing else is so fresh or fair.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

Learning is acquaintance with what others have felt, thought, done; knowledge is the result of what we ourselves have felt, thought and done.—Ibid.

The popular breath, even when winnowed by the

winds of centuries, is hardly pure.—Ibid.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. . . .

He who teaches often learns himself. . . . It is chiefly through books that we hold intercourse with superior minds. . . .

Do not think it a wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feel-

ing.—Ruskin.

Is there a fairer sight than that of children early led in the strait and narrow way? Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it, is the assurance of inspiration. Life is a way, a path; as we begin, so we progress.

Indolence is the rust of wisdom and of genius.—St.

Jerome.

The excellence of every creature consists in persevering in its own being and in accomplishing the most complete expression of its own qualities.—M. Adam.

Never try to uproot bad propensities by tearing them out—they only come out safely by persuasion and educa-

tion.

Never copy servilely any man. Many copies, if honestly made, have been improvements upon the originals.

In the private affairs of life, as in political and international questions, he who speaks or writes the best will always gain an ascendency over his fellow-citizens.

—Marcel.

Know how to will! Education consists in forming men of character—that is, men of wills energetically anchored in good by principles which nothing can shake. To will is to love and to hate, for there are necessary hatreds. To will is to enlarge one's heart, to refuse to limit one's horizon, either in desire or in deed, to the

vulgar realities of a life easy for self, useless for others. Action is the sign of life; vigorous action is the sign of youth. You must act.

It is the wise head that makes the still tongue.—

Lucas.

Alas! What are we doing all our lives, both as a necessity and as a duty, but unlearning the world's poetry and attaining to its prose. This is our education as boys, and as men; in the action of life, in the closet, or the library, in our affections, in our homes and in our memories.—Cardinal Newman.

They that instruct many to justice shall shine as stars

for all eternity.—Dan. xii. 3.

Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come to me, for the kingdom of Heaven is for such.—Matt.

xix, 14.

The only worthy end of all learning, of all science—of all life, in fact—is that human beings should love one another better.—George Eliot.

'Tis education forms the common mind; Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

--Pope.

I love my books! They are companions dear, Sterling in worth, in friendship most sincere; Here talk I with the wise in ages gone, And with the nobly gifted of our own.

If love, joy, laughter, sorrow, please my mind, Love, joy, grief, laughter in my books I find.

—Francis Bennoch.

In the highest civilization the book is still the highest delight. He who has once known its satisfactions is provided with a resource against calamity. Angels they are to us of entertainment, sympathy and provocation—silent guides, tractable prophets, historians and singers, whose embalmed life is the highest feat of art, who now cast their moonlight illumination over solitude, weariness and fallen fortune.—*Emerson*.

Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly

as the gods, whose feet were shod with wool.

The evolution which is slowly proceeding in human society is not primarily intellectual, but religious in character.

We must look, as educators, most closely to those sides of the national life where there is the greatest menace of ruin. It is plain that our besetting sin, as a people, is not intemperance or unchastity, but dishonesty. From the watering and manipulating of

stocks to the adulteration of food and drink, from the booming of towns and lands to the selling of votes and the buying of office, from the halls of Congress to the policeman's beat, from the capitalist who controls trusts and syndicates to the mechanic who does inferior work, the taint of dishonesty is everywhere. We distrust one another, distrust those who manage public affairs, distrust our fixed will to suffer the worst that may befall rather than cheat or steal or lie. Dishonesty hangs, like mephitic air, about our newspapers, our legislative assemblies, the municipal government of our towns and cities, about our churches even, since our religion itself seems to lack the highest kind of honesty, the downright and thorough sincerity which is its life breath.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

To my mind and country, learning cures the disease of the purse fairly well, that of the soul not at all. To him who has not the science of virtue all other knowl-

edge is harmful.—Montaigne.

But if any of you want wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men abundantly, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.—St. James i, 5.

He will guide the mind in judgment; he will teach

the meek his ways.—Psalm xxiv, 9.

In connection with amusements, I have never been able to understand why the young men of to-day deem the theater an absolute essential in seeking diversion. An evening with a good book is, or ought to be, more satisfying to the young man of brains than an evening in a hall where a lot of make-believe characters are strutting up and down the stage, like children at a masquerade. When the human race reaches its highest mental and moral development there will probably be no theaters.—Russell Sage.

It is criminally unscientific to judge a people or an institution by one feature or one epoch in its career. Peoples, like individuals, have their ups and downs, periods of advance and retreat; and, though through all the ages one unceasing purpose runs, it is well to . . . remember how the course of time will swerve.

Intellect is the simple power anterior to all action or

construction.—Emerson.

Every system of education which rests not upon religion will fall in the twinkling of an eye, and will spread only poison through the State.—Le Maistre.

If there is one thing that education must aim at it is the formation of character. That missed, the education is a failure. To that the training of the intellect

is necessarily auxiliary and subservient. You may dazzle the mind with a thousand brilliant discoveries of natural science; you may open new worlds of knowledge which were never dreamed of before; yet if you have not developed in the soul of the pupil strong habits of virtue which will sustain him in the struggle of life, you have not educated him, but only put in his hand a powerful instrument of self-destruction. You have made a monster and not developed a man.—Rev. T. J. Campbell.

The poorest education that teaches self-control is bet-

ter than the best that neglects it.—Sterling.

Good sense is the great master of human life.—Bossuet.

Common sense is not a common commodity.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill, that maketh

wretchedness or happiness, rich or poor.

If you would succeed, qualify yourself by superfluous work and study, that will equip you not only for doing your particular line of work, but for anything that may come in your way. He had no faith in genius.—Hon. C. K. Davis, U. S. Senator.

Guard well thy thoughts;

Our thoughts are heard in Heaven.

-Young.

### Laying the Foundation.

"A youth thoughtless," says Ruskin, "when his every act is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death? Be thoughtless in any other years rather than now, though, indeed, there is only one place where a man may be nobly

thoughtless-his death-bed."

What thrilling, noble words are these! That lad is idle—does not apply himself in school or college. Ah, well, he is such a precocious youth, says one, that he can easily make it up and repass them with flying colors. But what of the habits that are being formed? What of the ideals lost sight of as he seizes now at this straw of pleasure and now at that.

The need of strength to carry out purposes should never be lost sight of in education. The idea that a child should always yield to those wiser than himself sometimes blinds the parent to the importance of teaching him to think and act for himself. But power can only be developed by exercise, and the child who always depends upon others, who makes no decisions, weighs

no arguments, carries out no plans, is invested with no responsibility, can never become a strong and steadfast man. Obedience is a good and useful habit; it fosters the power of self-restraint in one important direction; but the wise educator will never be satisfied until it is supplemented by a training in strength of purpose and independent, forceful thought, leading to wise and permanent self-government.—Sacred Heart Union.

Mr. Locke was asked how he had contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so rich, yet so extensive and so deep. He replied that he attributed what little he knew to not having been ashamed to ask for information, and to the rule he had laid down of conversing with all descriptions of men, on those topics chiefly that formed their own peculiar professions or pursuits. myself have heard a common blacksmith eloquent when welding of iron had been the theme. What we know thoroughly we can usually express clearly, since ideas will supply words, but words will not always supply ideas, therefore, when I meet with any that write obscurely, or converse confusedly, I am apt to suspect two things: first, that such persons do not understand themselves; and second, that they are not worthy of being understood by others.

If young people only knew the value of their youth! A half hour each day steadily given to the vanquishing of some real books in history, science, literature, is three hours a week, is more than twelve solid days, of twenty-four hours each, a year. What can not the business man accomplish by such seizure of fragments of his time? Oh, if young people only knew the culture possible for them by such simple means! And for evermore it is the man who knows who gets to be the man who does, and to whom the chance of doing comes. Merely frittering newspapers and novel reading—a youthhood devoted only to that, how pitiably sad! No ships drift into harbor. No young persons drift into an achieving manhood or womanhood.

Knowledge is modest, cautious and pure; Ignorance is boastful, conceited and sure.

Man is an eternal mystery to himself; his own person is a house into which he never enters, and of which he studies the outside alone. Each of us need have continually before him the famous inscription which once instructed Socrates, and which was engraved by an unknown hand on the walls of Delphi: "Know thyself."—Emile Souvestre.

In a great mind everything is great.—Pascal.

Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge; some the love of fame; some the pleasure of dispute; some the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge; but the real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God to the use and advantage of man.—Lord Bacon.

You will find good in everything you have learned. By degrees your destiny will open before you. You will learn what you are good for—what you are made for. One can say nothing more definite, and this is definite enough, and full of animation; do your duty, and you cannot fail to fit yourself for an honorable work

The man who can learn from his own mistakes will always be learning something.

The gossip in a home decreases as the library increases.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control.

These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Tennuson.

All knowledge, however imposing in appearance, is but a superficial knowledge, if it be merely the mind's furniture, and not the mind's nutriment; it must be transmuted into mind, as food into blood, in order to become wisdom and power. Many of the generals opposed to Napoleon understood military science as well as he did, but he beat them on every occasion where victory depended on a wise movement made at a moment's thought, because science had been transfused into his mind, while to theirs it was only attached.

"What is the object of education?" Is it to stunt the frame, injure the physique, spoil the eyes, exhaust the brain and leave the victim a walking encyclopedia of hackneyed facts and dead languages? Or is it to develop a healthy, active member of society, whose intellect is stored with knowledge useful in the world around him, and who is ready to cope with the affairs and incidents of every day? Surely the latter alternative should be the goal of every teacher; but the former is, unfortunately, too often the result of education as practically carried out.

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your own mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your

power.

To cover human life with beauty, to carve it into nobleness, requires thought as truly as to cover canvas with lovely forms or to make the hard, unwilling marble assume a shape of majesty and grace. We all have to learn to do well. Right thoughts have very much to do with right comfort.

Many owe everything of their success to education. Had they not been well started in this way, their mediocre talents and ordinary application would never have lifted them up. Hence the wisdom of every man

giving his children a good education.

In art and in science exists no distinction,
As the hilt to the sword, or the cord to the bow,
So science and genius unite in communion,
Both facts to elicit and grace to bestow.

There is harmony, ever unseen, unsuspected,
In the forces of nature, the powers of the mind,
And when by the counsel of Heaven directed,
The soul of the student that union shall find.

Wisdom is like a well-spring of water in the desert that causes the grass to grow and the flowers to bloom near by, and satisfies and refreshes the soul of every man that drinks from it.

More failures of effort come from a lack of concentration than from a want of ability to accomplish the

things undertaken.

A horse not broken becometh stubborn; and a child left to himself will become headstrong.—Ecclesiastes.

We have known persons that were very exact and scrupulous in their choice of company, but very careless in their choice of reading, readily taking up and becoming familiar with books of whose authors they would blush to be called the friends. What singular kind of morality is this! Such persons avoid bad company, not because of the evil that is in it, but for fear of the judgment which the world will pass upon them. This is a strange idea of honor. Whilst we close our door against a person whom we despise, in secret we allow him an entrance to our conscience, and for hours we are alone with him, eagerly accepting his ideas and making them our own. There are persons foolish enough to be thus grossly inconsistent, and, in spite of their strict propriety, to live habitually in the company of degraded, or suspected individuals.

Be upon your guard. Man lives a good deal in his remembrances. Memory is the companion of his long

hours of solitude and sleeplessness. Let this companion be noble and pure. Do not permit it to lower itself, and to bring you back only impressions that must be rejected. Happy he whose memory has retained its

honor, its delicacy, its purity.

In reading for pastime, seek for simplicity, naturalness; for what is interesting because it is noble. I will not speak of bad books, whose only mission it is to corrupt the mind, and to blot out the boundary lines of honor. Reject even those romantic compositions wherein only complicated, forced and dramatic situations, as they call them, are sought, and wherein the author would think he failed if he consulted likelihood and good sense—contemptible books, which do not address themselves to the soul, but to the nerves and the blood, and whose greatest success is to throw the reader into a fever! Good, ennobling books in every way worthy of our perusal, which are amusing as well as instructive, are not, thank God, either rare or hard to find. Choose only such as these. In their company you will

find real, intelligent, cordial support.

The man who is continually talking seldom says anything of importance; more than half the time he loves the sound of his own voice, and his remarks are superficial and valueless. The reserved man, on the contrary, finds it difficult to give utterance to his thoughts which rush forward to the portals of his mouth in such crowds that they, in fact, block it up. Whenever you meet with a man of this kind give him time, do not mistake his tardiness for ignorance or imbecility of mind. In nine cases out of ten he has lived in solitude, and because he has not been inhabituated to conversation his tongue grows so rusty that, when he does venture into society, no one will wait till he is drawn out, and therefore his reserve continues to increase. Do not contemptuously turn your back upon him, but listen and he will, in all likelihood, repay your civility with The man who talks but little generally has something to say when he does speak, his ideas have been polished by the observation of years, and sink forcibly into the minds of his hearers.

What does a young girl know of life but what she hears and reads? writes Maud Anderson. I would rather take an innocent young creature through the worst part of New York at midnight than to put a bad book into her white hands. There is little romance or allurement in naked human vice, but vice clothed with a poet's fancy, beautified by the imagination, is another sort of

thing. There is so much in a girl's commencing right in the things she reads. It is often the making or

marring of her whole future life.

There are women to-day forty years old still living in the pernicious books they read. They started with bad books in their teens. They follow bad heroines and may, according to their now diseased minds, find themselves an improvement on the creatures they imitate. They are, if not actually vicious, silly, unnatural creatures whom everybody ridicules and nobody respects. We know young women who have been acting out French novels all their days to the best of their ability, with the result of dressing like guys when they mean to be artistic, acting like coarse women when they mean to be sirens, and talking absurdities when they mean to be enchanting.

Books and periodicals are the silent teachers of the home. They enter, leave their influence, and give place to others. They come and go in a long procession, each one entering into life's thought and experience, and

leaving its impress on the character.

"I am a part of all that I have met."

A parent may well ask, "Who are these silent guests that visit my children?" for a youth's character and prospects may be as surely known by the books he reads

as by the companions with whom he associates.

Some people think there are no blessings in poverty, but it is a mistake. The poor in pocket are blessed in many ways; and from the lowly in this country have sprung some of our most brilliant intellectual lights, as well as the thousands of ingenious pieces of mechanism. Poverty compels the poor of this country to exercise the highest of their powers-intellect-and that power elevates the laboring class above that of any other nation, and is the one great cause of our national prosperity and greatness. Of late years some of the most useful inventions have been made by men who labored at the bench or lathe, and daily something is invented which heightens labor and cheapens the cost of living. And if our mechanics would thoroughly educate themselves for practical, every-day life, and spend less of their leisure in idleness, or worse still, in hanging around drinking houses, studying the run of a greasy pack of cards, and becoming expert in euchre, the laboring population would be better fitted to maintain the proud position of the most intelligent in the world, art, science and mechanics make more rapid strides to perfection, and reluctant nature be compelled to yield more of her hidden secrets. It is only by thorough education and a systematic course of reading that human perfection can be attained, and if all were to pursue this course hundreds of half-formed theories would become facts, and the sciences be enabled to prove their positions beyond doubt or cavil.

It is wise—nay, often absolutely needful—to have something for the mind to feed upon, something to look forward to and live for, besides the round of daily

labor, or the counting of profit and loss.

Thoroughness and accuracy are two principal points to be aimed at in study. Francis Horner, in laying down rules for the cultivation of his mind and character, placed great stress upon the habit of continuous application to one subject for the sake of mastering it thoroughly; confining himself, with this object, to but a few books, and resisting with the greatest firmness "every approach to desultory reading." The value of knowledge to any man certainly consists not in its quantity, but mainly in the good uses to which he may apply it. Hence a little knowledge, of an exact and perfect character, is always found more valuable for practical purposes than any extent of superficial learning. The phrase in common use, as to "the spread of knowledge," is no doubt correct, but it is spread so widely, and in such thin layers that it only serves to reveal the mass of ignorance lying underneath. Never, perhaps, were books more extensively read, or less studied; and the number is rapidly increasing of those who know a little of everything, but nothing well. Such readers have not inaptly been likened to a certain sort of pocketknife which some people carry about with them, which, in addition to a common knife, contains a file, a chisel, a saw, a gimlet, a screw-driver, and a pair of scissors; but all so diminutive that the moment they are needed for use, they are found useless.

One of Ignatius Loyola's maxims was, "He who does well one work at a time. does more than all." By spreading our efforts over too large a surface we inevitably weaken our force, hinder our progress, and acquire a habit of fitfulness and ineffective working. Whatever a youth undertakes to learn, he should not be suffered to leave it until he can reach his arms round it and clench his ands on the other side. Thus he will learn the habit of thoroughness. Lord St. Leonards once communicated to Sir Fowell Buxton the mode in which he had conducted his studies, and thus explained the secret of his success. "I resolved," said he, "when beginning

to read law, to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never to go to a second thing till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I read in a week; but, at the end of twelve months, my knowledge was as fresh as the day it was acquired, while theirs had glided away from recollection."

Poetry reveals to us the loveliness of Nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life.—Channing.

Perfect thyself—that is thy mission here;
In stern self-culture let thy life be spent
In earnest labor and development
Of thy soul's fitness for the higher sphere.
Grow greater, wider, wiser, year by year—
Wiser and wider both in heart and brain.
Subvert to noble uses grief and pain,
And banish doubt, despondency, and fear.
Live thou for Truth; take her to be thy guide,
Thy soul's ideal—and thy spirit's bride—
Thy goal of hope, thy heart's best loved most dear,
So shape each hour that thou may'st ever say,
I am a little further on my way,

A little nearer her than I was yesterday.

Great thoughts belong only and truly to him whose mind can hold them. No matter who first puts them in words, if they come to a soul and fill it, they belong to it, whether they floated on the voices of others, or on the wings of silence and the night.

Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition

is that of good books.—Colton.

If we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political constitution which holds us together, no man can tell how sudden a catastrophe may overwhelm us, that shall bury all our glory in profound obscurity. Should that catastrophe happen, let it have no history! Let the horrible narrative never be written. Let its fate be that of the lost books of Livy, which no human eye shall ever read; or the missing Pleiad, of which no man can ever know more, than that it is lost, and lost forever.—Daniel Webster.

Knowledge unused for the good of others is more vain than unused gold.

Think much, speak little, write with care.

"It is easy to procure and read the opinions of others on great books," says Bishop Spalding. "Thousands of volumes have been written on Shakespeare, but it is better to learn one great book than to read thousands. Give me a man who has really mastered one great book. Fear the man of one book. To know a book of the greatest kind you must read it over hundreds of times. Read for yourself and make opinions yourself. Learn to love what you find profitable; what we don't like does not profit us. We find in books inspiration for self-activity. In proportion as a man rises out of himself and out of the present he becomes more manly. We must rise above the childish ideas and trivialities of life in order that God's image may be brought out in us."

Experience is the best teacher, but the school fees are

heavy.

# The National Shortcomings.

In a remarkable address delivered at Stanford University, California, Whitelaw Reid said: "What defects of human character does a republic tend to develop that the higher education should correct?" Well, our critics, foreign and domestic, are free-spoken enough to leave us little difficulty in finding answers to that. We are conceited beyond endurance. We brag like Bombastes. We are slow to believe that other people can teach us anything. We have the provincial idea that because we are conspicuously ahead in some things, we are ahead in everything. We reach a conclusion without seeing a subject on all sides, and are intolerant of a diversity of opinion. We value things simply because of their bigness. We live in a whirl of money-making, or amusement, or excitement of some kind; we rarely take time to think of other things, and because we are too busy for it ourselves, we let the newspapers make up our minds for us. When acting collectively we are liable to go off at half-cock, and are swept by sudden waves of popular excitement, like the French. We do so many things in a hurry that we often fail to do them thoroughly. We come to think that pretty well is near enough; that veneer is better than solid mahogany, looking just as well and costing far less; that a chromo is as good as an oil painting from which a casual glance does not distinguish it; that a machine-made American carpet is as good as the rug from the looms of India; always the thing that has been done wholesale by machinery just as good for practical people as the thing patiently wrought on every line to individual beauty by a trained and beauty-loving intelligence.

#### The Corrective.

Does not the very quality of its defects and the nature of its dangers compel the answer that what the republic thus needs is not merely or mostly knowledge? doubt it must always strive for an education that will place the experience of the world in all ages at its service. But beyond and far above that must be its development of the disposition for reflection, the power to consider dispassionately, the capacity to reason accurately, and then to reach just judgments on these acquired facts. . . . I plead, then, for a system of education that would put the most into one's life, rather than for that which enables one to quickest begin life and earn a living. The plea for the former involves no disparagement of the latter. . . . To make a life full, rounded, with balanced character and serenity of judgment, with trained capacities for the highest work, the highest appreciation, the fullest and purest enjoyment, that is a greater thing than to make a living! Unless these observations have wholly missed their purpose they must now have led your minds at least to consider, if not to accept, two propositions, which seem to me to sum up the next advances for American colleges and universities. They need now to give more attention to the individual pupil, and they need to lead him on paths to the best learning for the best life, rather than merely for quickest business or professional The first proposition does not point to big colleges; the second does not point to university develment exclusively on the lines thus far in most favor. Bigger colleges must mean less individual influence on the eager, immature mind; the specialization most in favor in our universities is that which leads to ways to make a living, and while no one wants less of that the highest education must give more of something else.

## Its Application.

The opportunity for differentiation and specialization in educational effort would be greater than ever, but it would be put where it belongs; not with the youth in his plastic, uncertain formative period, but with the trained young man, competent to select and eager to pursue. Thus when the graduate passed from the college, whether he devoted himself to the highest learning or sought at once a training in applied science or in a profession, he would, at any rate, carry into the university a mind fit for the work it demands. To borrow the happy illustration of President Stryker of Hamilton, the college would have made the intellectual iron that came to it into steel; and therefore the university would not be wasting its time in trying to put a fine edge upon potmetal. The lecturer then dwelt on the advantages of the old college training in the humanities, philosophy, mathematics and science, as a preparation for advanced education, and continued: This collegiate course was the best basis for the higher learning the best systems of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had to offer. It is the best basis still, as we turn to the wider and better attainments the twentieth century has to offer. It has formed for the generations of our race the badge of the best title any of the race have ever worn in any land or can wear, the proud title of scholar and gentleman.

At a dinner that Mr. C. P. Huntington gave to some railroad men in San Francisco, he told his guests that he feared too many of the young men of the country were spending too much time in school. He spoke with concern of young men with college educations who were standing around waiting for something that will never come because the work nearest to hand

was not to their liking.

The modern college graduate is usually a modest creature with a few illusions about what he is fit for, and very little inclined to stand waiting for suitable employment to seek him out. He has to jump in and find a job, and usually he loses no time in doing so. It is true, as Mr. Huntington says, that the years between fifteen and twenty-one are of great value. They should not be wasted. But while there is danger that lads who spend these years in college may find themselves somewhat behind when they start as new graduates to make their living, there is a counter risk that the lad who devotes himself to business too early may become too soon a specialist in a limited field, and may know a particular kind of business and very little besides. It is hard at first for a young college graduate who finds employment in business to make up for the lack of the business training which he might have acquired in the years he spent at college. That it is not too hard, however, is shown by the number of college-

bred men who succeed in almost every calling.

What is vastly more difficult is for the successful man of business, who went early into business and kept at it, to make up for the five or six years he didn't spend in acquiring general education while he was still young. Able men of limited education who have succeeded in business commonly miss the education and the associations which they didn't get while they were young, and try to make sure that their sons acquire them. They know that they are valuable. As for themselves, they do well to stick to business, for to be eminently successful at money-making is one of the few employments in which a rich man of limited education can hope to find entertainment. The degree of commercial success which will be fairly satisfactory to an educated man does not open to a less educated man the same opportunities of enjoyment. It is one of the great advantages of education that by bringing a lot of cheap, durable intellectual pleasures within its possessor's reach it relieves him of the need of becoming excessively rich. It also helps his social standing, and social position is a thing that is valued, and which often proves very expensive to persons who have to buy an outfit of it late in life for

Dollars are comparatively scarce in the world, and while there is enough of them to go around after a fashion, there is not enough to give to each person anything like as many as he wants. But satisfaction is pretty scarce also, and is at least as hard to secure as dollars. If the years spent in pursuit of education increase the farmer's chances of getting satisfaction out of life, they are profitably spent, even though they leave him somewhat behind in the race for dollars. For dollars and contentment are not synonymous terms, and the man who can combine few dollars with intelligent contentment is obviously better off than the man who, having more dollars than he can use, finds that the only employment which is really congenial to him is accumulating more. It is more profitable to spend some time in youth in cramming the mind with knowledge not immediately useful, than to be compelled for lack of other resources to spend one's old age cramming one's pockets with money that one does not want.

The day that presents no opportunity to improve

one's self or benefit another is a black-letter day.

What the student sows in tears he reaps in joy. For years he lives in bondage, in strange countries, wanders amid deserts, is straitened and bewildered, encompassed by difficulties and doubts, has little more than faith and hope to guide and cheer him; but, at length, he enters the promised land and in the high and serene world, which is now his own, his hardships and sufferings grow sweet in memory.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

The thinker is one who strives to awaken himself from the dream of life, in which the multitude pass

their existence.—Ibid.

The mind grows shallow when occupied perpetually with trivialities. A course of solid reading is a good tonic. When ignorant of our ignorance we do not know when we betray ourselves.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of com-

mon sense to apply it.—Persian.

The condition of progress is that as we advance, the still greater effort must we make to go farther.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

No man ever made an ill figure who understood his

own talents, nor a good one who mistook them.

Young men do not fail in pursuits in life because they lack ability to succeed half as often as from the neglect to study the real caliber of their minds. A moderate capacity, industriously directed, will accomplish much more than a wrong application of the most brilliant qualifications. Study, therefore, yourselves. Aim to find out the actual talents you possess, and endeavor to make the best use of them, and you can hardly come short of making a good figure in the world; and what is more, being amongst those who live not in vain.— Swift.

It is a significant commentary on the truth that the real goods of life are not moneys, lands, revenues, but the fruits of the mind and heart—education and religion. Who knows or who cares, except some dustman or scavenger of history about the rich bankers of Augsburg, the wool merchants of Florence, or the public carriers of Venice? With their wealth they wrote a line upon the sands of time that the next wave obliterated. But the names of the great artists shine forever in their masterpieces and echo forever above the great procession of humanity.—Rev. Thomas J. Shahan.

Is our educational machinery subsidiary to its only worthy end, viz., the fashioning of character? Have we, so morbidly afraid of uniting church and state, gone so far as to disunite God from the state? This

is a most serious question. The faith of our sons and daughters is involved, and the kingdom of God in this country is involved. Our school system is not an organized skepticism, but a God-forgotten secularism.—

Rev. Henry C. Minton of California (Presbyterian), Moderator of the General Assembly, May 19, 1901.

Moral training has for the most part been cast out of our public schools. Every faculty, except the highest and noblest, is exercised and invigorated; but the crowning faculty—that which is designed to animate and govern all others—is contemptuously ignored; and, unless its education can be secured, our young men and women will be graduated from our schools as moral imbeciles. This country is facing a grave social problem.—Rev. Dr. E. T. Wolf, Professor at Gettysburg Theological Seminary, before the Evangelical Alliance.

Every inanimate creature does the will of its Creator; all creatures assist us in meriting the possession of God; man alone, the most gifted in choice and in will, is apt to pervert his nature and wander fartherest from the path his Creator laid out for him—hence education is a corrective power and is designed to acquaint man fully with the principles that are to supplement his faculties and to co-ordinate the great fact of his being created an intelligent and discerning being. Instinct circumscribes intelligence in lower animals and is constrained by circumstance, but man's animal nature submits to his will, and his will acts in obedience to his moral sense. So the education for man is the one that deals with religion as well as with comprehensive knowledge and the highest mental culture.

Learn as if you were to live always; live as if you were to die to-morrow.

Excessive newspaper reading is a sure destroyer of mental health. Its effect is to corrupt the judgment, to weaken the sense of mental discrimination, to discourage intellectual initiative, and generally to deaden the mental powers by substituting a habit of mechanical for a habit of intelligent reading. A very little yielding to this disposition will produce even in cultivated men a habit which may almost be said to be worse from an intellectual point of view than the habit of not thinking at all.—Saturday Review.

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do, as well as to talk; and to make our

actions and words all of a color.—Seneca.

It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

Culture must make us more virtuous, or it is not

culture.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

Let the young be taught to believe in the best things—in courage, magnanimity, truthfulness, chastity, and love; for so long as experience has not revealed their supreme worth, through faith alone can their value become known to them.—Ibid.

By speaking as we think, we learn to think what we

speak.—Ibid.

They who would rise must learn to stoop, as climbers

have to bend.—Ibid.

Genius is originality. Talent the fruit of industry. Genius of birth. The one judges, combines, arranges, composes. The other creates. A man of talent may be a good historian, a commentator, a grammarian; only a man of genius can be a poet, painter or statuary.— Burr.

Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction.

It is the part of science to take things as it finds them,

and to explain, but not to explain away nature.

Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.—Coleridge.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none go

just alike, yet each believes his own.—Pope.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.—Burke.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great help

to knowledge.—Disraeli.

Religion is the perfection of wisdom, practice, the best

instructor; thanksgiving, the sweetest recreation.

The death of President McKinley has set people to thinking as to the insidious influences that may have operated on the mind of the wretched and pitiable assasin, little more than a perverted boy; and, as a consequence, a healthy reaction has set in against the sensational newspaper. It will be well if this shall extend to all newspapers of the class. But it will be best if the country can be aroused to substitute for them decent newspapers, magazines and books, and particularly to study carefully the kind of reading which goes to the formation of the character of children.—The Century Magazine.

Gladstone said that a man educated intellectually but not morally may become more dangerous than before; and that is precisely the case with the colored people. In the public schools they receive no moral instruction, and while their wits are being sharpened, there is scarcely any moral strengthening. This inability of the public schools of our land to teach any system of morals is going to lead, within a few years, to a struggle the like of which this country has never seen, and it will be with a generation that believes nothing at all.—Bishop Johnston (Episcopal), of Western Texas.

We can in no way revive the judgment of Solomon on the child, and divide him by an unreasonable and cruel blow of the sword, separating his understanding from his will. While cultivating the first it is necessary to direct the second in the acquirement of virtuous habits and to his last end. He who, in the education of youth, neglects the will and concentrates all his energies on the culture of the intellect, succeeds in turning education into a dangerous weapon in the hands of the wicked. It is the reasoning of the intellect that sometimes joins with the evil propensities of the will, and gives them a power which baffles all resistance.—Leo XIII.

Seeing much, suffering much, and studying much are the three pillars of learning.—D'Israeli.

Teach the children! It is painting in fresco.—Emer-

son.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.—Cowper.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.—Longfellow. Conventions of educators are entitled to respect. They are usually attended by men of acknowledged standing -grave and erudite signors who draft programmes and keep the school-machine running. If there be one thing more than another characteristic of these conventions it is the pleasant strain of jubilation running through the sessions. One hears it in the papers read in the addresses; it is in the air, charming alike the men of learning and the individuals who pay them. But then one is apt to find small justification for the melody of selfcongratulation who we hear an educator who has put God out of the schoolroom, talking about the formation of character. It is a good thing to do-it is the main purpose of the school, but it will never be done if the youth are trained and taught that money-getting is the principal business in life and led away from contemplation of the world beyond. This kind of education will form a character that will stand no strain because

it rests on and is supported by nothing. Human life wants a stronger prop than sentiment.—Rev. Geo. R.

North graves.

To rob one's self of the means of enjoyment which education and culture give has no compensation in mere money—wealth. No material prosperity can compare with a rich mind. It is a perpetual well-spring of satisfaction, of enjoyment. It enables one to bear up under misfortune, to be cheerful under discouragement, trials, and tribulations, which overwhelm mind and an empty heart.—Success.

So long as a man thinks, he loves his life, finding delight in the exercise of its highest and most spiritual power; but they who have never learned to think or who have ceased to think, easily yield to despondency and suffer themselves to drift almost without regret or struggle into the sleep of death, the diviner part of life

having already perished within them.—Ibid.

A man should hear a little poetry and see a fine picture every day of his life, in order that worldly cares may not obliterate the sense of the beautiful which God has implanted in the human soul.—Goethe.

A man ought to know that it is not easy for him to have a fixed principle, if he does not daily say the same things and hear the same things, and at the same time

apply them to life.—Epictetus.

Each man has to seek out his own special aptitude for a higher life in the midst of the humble and inevitable reality of daily existence. Than this there can be no nobler aim in life.—Maeterlinck.

Antidote against criticism: books, travel, society, soli-

tude.—Emerson.

I sigh for the days when I knew it all, And had all I knew at the tip of my tongue; For I never again shall know as much As I did when I was young.

(A sigh upheaved after an interview with an erudite sophomore.)

They who live for gain or pleasure, and not to make themselves wise and worthy, are ignoble—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

He thought all time lost which was not devoted to

study.—Pliny, of his Uncle.

Learning, undigested by thought, is labor lost; thought, unassisted by learning, is perilous.—Confucius.

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.—Ibid.

The cautious seldom err.—Ibid.

It is wise at night to read, but for a few minutes, some book which will compose and soothe the mind; which will bring us face to face with the true facts of life, death, and eternity; which will make us remember that man doth not live by bread alone; which will give us, before we sleep, a few thoughts worthy of a Christian man with an immortal soul within him.—Kingsley.

In the discussion of education few phrases are more commonly used than that which expresses the importance and beauty of "ideal manhood." Indeed, this may be considered the aim and purpose of all education. What we should emphasize is that the religious idea, the supernatural idea, is the essential element of all true manhood.

Give me, O Lord, heavenly wisdom, that I may learn above all things to seek Thee, and to find Thee; above all things, to relish Thee, and to love Thee, and so understand all other things as they are, according to the order of Thy wisdom.—Thomas à Kempis.

Each reader, according to his age and peculiar tastes, will find, whether his reading be poetry, philosophy, history, or biography, new thoughts and passages which appeal especially to him. To make a practice of memorizing, in leisure moments, the most inspiring of such passages, is one of the surest means of self-improvement.—Success.

Popular education has everywhere been largely secularized, and that process is still going on. Sunday schools or other secondary influences can scarcely counteract the general banishment of religion from the training of the child.—New York Sun.

Right and wrong in the affairs of conduct are not matters of instinct; they have to be learned, just as really, in fact, as history or handicrafts. Is this knowledge being imparted to our children in any efficient way and by any efficient teachers? Is the public school doing it? Are fathers and mothers doing it? We are compelled to say No to these queries. . . . The truth is, we are taking for granted a moral intelligence which does not exist. We are leaning upon it, depending upon it, trusting to it, and it is not there.

Our whole machinery of education, from the kindergarten up to the university, is perilously weak at this point. We have multitudes of youths and grown men and women who have no more intelligent sense of what is right and wrong than had so many Greeks of the time of Alcibiades.

The great company of educators and the whole American community need to be sternly warned that if morality cannot be specifically taught in the public schools without admitting religious dogma, then religious dogma may have to be taught in them. For righteousness is essential to a people's very existence. And righteousness does not come by nature any more than reading or writing does. . . . We are within measureable distance of the time when society may for its own sake go on its knees to any factor which can be warranted to make education compatible with and inseparable from morality, letting that factor do it on its own terms and teach therewith whatsoever it lists.—Brooklyn (N. Y.)

Eagle.

The dreadful calamity (the assassination of President McKinley) looks very much like a visitation on us of the wrath of the Most High. We must get back to the guiding principles of our forefathers. There were two evils in our great country: First, the sin of slavery—that we have expiated and wiped out; then the sin of intemperance—that we can master and are mastering. . . . Is there, then, any evil still in the land so widespread as to call down the wrath of God upon us? There is. Our Godless system of education is a far worse crime than slavery or intemperance. I believe that the United States is suffering from the wrath of God to-day because our people have consented to the banishment of Jesus Christ from the daily lives of our children. If to-day Christ were on earth and should enter almost any public school-house in the country, the teacher, acting under instruction, would show Him the door. If, on the other hand, He were to enter any of our private (parochial) schools, He would be worshiped by teacher and scholars on bended knee. Here is our fault, here is our sin. The question now is, To what extent can we remold and remodel our educational system? Almost any system is better than the present one. It would be infinitely better to divide up the money received from the school tax among the various Christian denominations and the Hebrews than to continue the present irreligious system .- Rev. W. Montague Geer (Episcopalian), before the Sons of the Revolution, in New York City, just after the death of President McKinley.



#### CHAPTER VII.

## Purpose, Work, Success.

There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics which can contribute a tithe so much to the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of a man's looks as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principle, an unquenchable enthusiasm. The soul that is full of pure and generous affections fashions the features into its own angelic likeness, as the rose by inherent impulse grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness. . . .

If a man has any brains at all, let him hold on to his calling, and in the grand sweep of things his turn will

come at last.—Walter McCune.

The deepest mysteries of life are explained, and the deepest problems of life are solved, not by thinking, but by living. . . . Genius can do much, but even genius falls short of the actuality of a single human life.—Hamilton W. Mabie.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life. . . .

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.—R. W. Em-

erson.

The blood of man is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind; the rest is vanity—the rest is crime.—Edmund Burke.

Work should not only be accepted as our punishment on account of Adam's transgression, but it is our reward and our strength, our pleasure and our glory. . . .

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—

Ruskin.

How fine, how blest a thing is work !- Jean Ingelow.

The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.—Carlyle.

Nature has made occupation a necessity to us; society makes it a duty; habit may make it a pleasure.—Capelle.

Any life that is worth living for must be a struggle, a swimming not with, but against the stream.—Dean Stanley.

What is there that is illustrious that is not also attended by labor?—Cicero.

Let us be content in work

To do the thing we can, and not presume To fret because it's little.

-Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once.—Cecil.

To him nothing is possible, who is always dreaming

of his past possibilities.—Carlyle.

There is abundance of work in this busy world for every one who has a human heart.—David Pryde.

Art little? Do thy little well, and for thy comfort know Great men can do their greatest work no better than just so.

—Goethe.

Beware of giving way to reveries. Have always some employment in your hands. Look forward to the future

with hope.—C. Kingsley.

Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort.

—Sydney Smith.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will.

-Shakespeare.

A good resolution is a fine starting point, but as a terminus it has no value.

Trial stimulates growth in human virtues. Trial in the form of doubt is good. Without doubt we might have mental lethargy, but we would never possess the healthy vigor of scholarship. Trial in the form of labor is good. Without having to work we might become good eaters and good sleepers, but we would never be strengthened by the virtue of industry and endurance. No man should ever for a moment entertain the thought that his affliction is the indication that God has marked

him as a failure. Let such remember that affliction is only a signboard that points to wider usefulness.—Rev. W. R. Rogers.

Whatever business you have, do it the first moment you can; never by halves, but finish it without interrup-

tion, if possible.—Chesterfield.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness.—

Carlyle.

Confidence of success is almost success; and obstacles often fall of themselves before a determination to over-

come them.—Moir.

Beauty is not confined to youthfulness; neither is it the exclusive monopoly of those who are upon the hither side of middle age. There is a slow but steady growing beauty, which can come to maturity only in old age. It is the fruit of noble hopes and purposes; it is the result of having something to do, something to live for, something worthy of humanity.— Fr. Clark, S. J.

Adversity, like wintry weather, is of use to kill those vermin which the summer of prosperity is apt to pro-

duce and nourish.

### The Worker Wins.

Business employers would vastly prefer boys of ordinary natural ability and a great deal of industry, than boys of marked genius but lazy. It is the worker who wins, whether in business, in law, in medicine, in mechanics, or on the farm. Success is more than half won by him who knows how to think and act, and utilize time. If the quality of industry is shown in the school boy, it is one of his strongest recommendations for a business position.

The stayer wins, whether the weapons be brawn or brains. The best work is done by hard work.—Rt. Rev.

J. L. Spalding.

Think of rest, but work on. . .

All things come to him, who hustles while he waits.

Labor is health. It develops, strengthens and contents the toiler, while it sweetens life.—Donn Piatt.

The truest help we can render to an afflicted man is not to take his burden from him. but to call out his best strength, that he may be able to bear the burden.—
Phillips Brooks.

Count not that labor evil which helps to bring out the best elements of human nature.—George Macdonald.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth; Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth.

Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth; Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.

Labor is glory! the flying cloud lightens,

Only the waving wing changes and brightens; Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;

Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us, Rest from the crime and the dangers that meet us, Rest from sin-promptings, that ever entreat us;

Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.

Work, and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;

Work, thou shalt ride over Evil's dark billow;

Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!

Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

-Frances Sargent Osgood.

The real work of life, lament as we will, complain as we may, must be done, not upon the mountain, but in the valleys. . . .

A great amount of opposition is a great help to a man; it is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardship and opposition are the native soil of mannood and self reliance.—John Neal.

The talent of success is doing nothing more than what you can do well without a thought of fame.—

Longfellow.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not: work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will always be the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best.—Ruskin.

Better to stem with heart and hand The roaring tide of life, than lie Unmindful, on its flowery strand, Of God's occasions drifting by.

-Whittier.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—

Addison.

Do not depend upon hope in undertaking an enterprise, nor upon success for persevering in it.—Prince Taieb-Bey.

Run if you like, but try to keep your breath; Work like a man, but don't be worked to death. The test of a man's strength and worth is not so much what he accomplishes, but what he overcomes.—Rt. Rev.

J. L. Spalding.

Life is old only to those who live in its conventions and formulas; the soil is exhausted only for those whose plowshare turns the shallow furrow. To all others it is still fresh with undiscovered truth, still inexhaustible in the wealth with which the Infinite Mind has stored it, as the Infinite Hand has filled the veins with gold and its moutains with iron.—Hamilton W. Mabie.

At no time is the protection of angels and the help of God more near to us than when "the blast of the Mighty like a whirlwind beat against the wall."—Car-

dinal Manning.

Failures are with heroic minds the stepping-stones to success.—Haliburton.

Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly; Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly; Labor! all labor is noble and holy; Let all thy deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

—Frances S. Osgood.

Our grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand. —Carlyle.

Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom.—

Carlyle.

He that would relish success to purpose should keep his passion cool, and his expectation low.—Collier.

But still with honest purpose toil we on;

And if our steps be upright, straight and true, Far in the east a golden light shall dawn,

And the bright smile of God come bursting through.

--Will Carleton.

Stand upright! speak thy thoughts! declare The truth thou hast, that all may share! Be bold! proclaim it everywhere! They only live, who dare!

—Lewis Morris.

When people complain of life, it is almost always because they have asked impossible things from it.—

Renan.

No man is born into the world, whose work Is not born with him. There is always work And tools to work withal, for those who will, And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

--Lowell.

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed; Who does the best his circumstance allows, Does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him the news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock and, with busy pen or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines. Labor whistles. Luck relies on chance. Labor on character.—Cobden.

Give us strength and we can wrestle with poverty; give us strength and we can carry our burdens and bear our troubles; give us strength and we can overcome sin and the evil passions and inclinations of our hearts; give us strength and we can pluck the sting from death and open the gates of Paradise. We need nothing quite so earnestly as we need strength.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience.—George Washington.

Young people tell what they are doing, old people what they have done, fools what they intend to do.—
French Proverb.

It is better to aim high and often come short of the mark, than it is to aim at nothing and hit it every time.

"The world is wide, remember this,

Nor shrink from fate's deep furrowed frown, Woo fortune with your brightest smiles,—
Don't let the world know when you're down.

"It spoils your chance for future deeds!
To frame your face with dull care's crown;
Brace up and higher hold your head,—
Don't let the world know when you're down."

"Keep pushing!'tis wiser than sitting aside, And sighing and watching and waiting the tide; In life's earnest battle they only prevail, Who daily march onward and never say fail."

The measure of the value of opportunity is its influence on religious and moral life. We are athirst for God and finding Him not we harden to mere materialists or sink into lethargy or drown consciousness in the sloughs of sensuality. In the end each one has but himself and if God be not in that self he is poor and wretched though he possess a universe, for with a few spadefuls of earth on his head it will all be over forever.

The followers of the Divine Master best know that

true men need not great opportunities.

It is only when we walk in the Spirit and follow in the footsteps of the Son of God, that we come to understand that life is opportunity, rich as earth, high as

heaven, deep as the soul.

After long years, work is visible. In agriculture, you cannot see the growth. Pass that country two months after, and there is a difference. We acquire firmness and experience incessantly. Every action, every word, every meal, is a part of our trial and our discipline. We are assuredly ripening or else blighting. We are not conscious of those changes which go on quietly and gradually in the soul. We only count the shocks in our journey. Ambitions die, but grace grows as life goes on.

Live for some purpose in the world. Act your part well. Fill up the measure of your duty to others. Conduct yourself so that you shall be missed with sorrow when you are gone. Multitudes of your species are living in such a selfish manner that they are not likely to be remembered after their disappearance. They leave behind them scarcely any traces of their existence, but are forgotten almost as though they had not been. They are, while they live, like one pebble lying unobserved among a million on the shore, and when they die they are like the same pebble thrown into the sea, which just ruffles the surf, sinks and is forgotten, without being missed from the beach. They are neither regretted by the rich, wanted by the poor, nor celebrated by the learned. Who has been bettered for their life? has been the worse for their death? Whose tears have been dried up? Whose wants supplied? Whose miseries have they healed? Who would unbar the gates of life to readmit them into existence? Or, what face would greet them back again into our world with a Wretched, unproductive mode of existence! Selfishness is its own curse; is is a starving vice. The man who does no good gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh; a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub.

The secret of success in life is to keep busy, to be persevering, patient and untiring in the pursuit or calling you are following. The busy ones may now and then make mistakes, but it is better to risk these than to be idle and inactive. Motion is life, and the busiest are the happiest. Cheerful, active labor is a blessing.

Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in a listless idleness, not in useless pastime,

not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to it. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much what the world says of us; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices.

Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Take for your star, self-reliance. Don't seek too much advice, on the theory that too many cooks spoil the broth, but keep at the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Put potatoes in a cart over a rough road and the small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Be in earnest. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money, and do good with it.

The most wonderful and beautiful things are oftenest done in the world by those who had no opportunities, while people whose hands were full of the means

never arrived at any end .-- Rosa Mulholland.

The man who really believes that the world owes him a living is willing to do some work to earn what is due him.

The Temple of Honor ought to be seated on an eminence. If it be opened through virtue, let it be remembered, too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle.—Proctor.

> Glorious it is to wear the crown Of a deserved and pure success; He who knows how to fail has won A crown whose luster is not less .- Ibid.

Many a good intention dies from inattention. through carelessness or indolence or selfishness, a good intention is not put into effect, we have lost an opportunity, demoralized ourselves, and stolen from the pile of possible good. To be born and not fed is to perish. To launch a ship and neglect it is to lose it. To have

a talent and bury it is to be a "wicked and slothful servant." For in the end we shall be judged, not alone by what we have done, but by what we could have done.

The secret of success in life is to keep busy, to be persevering, patient and untiring in the pursuit or calling you are following. The busy ones may now and then make mistakes, but it is better to risk these than to be idle and inactive. Motion is life, and the busiest are the happiest. Cheerful, active labor is a blessing.

It is not ease, but effort-not facility, but difficulty that makes men. There is, perhaps, no station in life in which difficulties have not to be encountered and overcome before any decided measure of success can be achieved. Those difficulties are, however, our best instructors, as our mistakes often form our best experience. The very greatest things-great thoughts, discoveries and inventions—have generally been nurtured in hardships, often pondered over in sorrow, and at length established with difficulty.

God has made no promises of success to any who are half hearted, while they who seek Him with their whole heart will prosper both at the throne of grace and in the

fields of conflict.

"I can't" can do noting; "I'll try" can do many

things; "I will" can do almost anything.

Discontentment with ourselves, our position and talents, if it end there and fail to stimulate us to improve the one and develop the other, is a very dangerous condition of mind.

If there is one lesson taught by human life, it is the lesson of resignation to our lot. I do not mean by resignation that state of abject cowardice which makes one sit with idle hands and wait for things to turn up, but the honest, manly sentiment of patient submission to God's will when we have done all that in us lies to effect our purpose, and have failed through no fault of our own.

God has given to each of us a certain place in the economy of creation, and it should be our pleasure as

well as our duty to fill that place effectively.

We can't change it for any other one's place, or trade off our talents for any other one's talents. That it is our place, and that they are our talents, should be enough to reconcile us to the situation and to ourselves.

The least that we can do is to work with the tools we have instead of vainly sighing for better ones.

Besides, even where the tools are poor, and the deficiency cannot be denied, it is wonderful how industry and perseverance will help the work along, and almost force dull instruments to produce fine results. "The race is not always to the strong; it is to the active, the vigilant, the brave."

Faith in ourselves and in our destiny, and diligent and continuous cultivation of whatever talents Heaven has blessed us with, will inevitably bring their rich and adequate reward; while just as surely discontent with

ourselves will make life a wreck and a failure.

The only kind of discontent that should be tolerated is the noble one which stimulates us to make up for our deficiencies by patient and persevering labor. Discontentment that ends with envy of others' advantages, and results in no practical effort for our own advancement, is a dangerous passion, and should be checked in

its infancy.

Young people whose means are limited and who, struggling to get an education, are forced to overcome almost insurmountable obstacles, often look with envy upon their more fortunate companions and think, "Oh, if I only had their leisure and wealth what I could accomplish!" But would their visions come to pass? Or would they perchance succumb to the soporific effects of ease and riches?

There is a stern discipline which privations bring which seems not to be obtainable in any other way. Remember this: "We are able to stand where we do today only because of what we have passed through."

Then thank God if you have trials. Thank Him reverently, humbly. He knows what will best conduce to the development of your character. And in time, if not now, you can say fervently with one of the great ones of the age: "So what is noblest in my soul has sprung from disease, present defeat, disppointment, and untoward outward circumstances."

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you

do, without a thought of fame. -Longfellow.

The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all. There is no more hope for him than a dead man. But—it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world—if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, and with unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes

Purpose,

a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills; it is what is within that makes or not makes.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

-Longfellow.

For a man to think that he is going to do the work of his life without obstacles is to dream in the lap of folly.

An achievement to be proud of is that which carries immortality with it. No success is worthy the name which does not include character development. If a career has not an upward as well as an onward tendency, if a man has groveled in the mire, he is a failure though he have millions. That only is real success which aspires, which looks up, and which helps others to look up as well.—Success.

If you examine the path of almost any man's success, you will find it paved with failures; in fact, in many cases they have been the guides that pointed the way to success. The lessons they taught, the suggestions they gave, showed the man the way to win. The wrecks of his initial ventures were danger signals, which enabled him to avoid the rocks and shoals where he was first stranded. Most of the successes, in this country, are built upon failures.—Ibid.

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.—Disraeli.

Nothing succeeds like success.—French Proverb. 'Tis man's to fight, but Heaven's to give success.—Pope.

Ah! know what true success is; young hearts dream, Dream nobly, and plan loftily, nor deem That length of years is length of living. See A whole life's labor in an hour done; Not by world-tests the heavenly crown is won, To God the man is what he means to be.

-Katherine Conway.

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written, in writing what deserves to be read, and in so living to make the world happier and better for our living in it.—Pliny.

# A Definite Purpose Needed.

He who lives without a definite purpose achieves no higher end than to serve as a warning to others. He is a kind of bellbuoy, mournfully tolled by the waves of circumstance to mark the rocks or shoals which are to be avoided. What the sun glass does to the sun's rays -converge them until they become a blazing and irresistible point—that a definite purpose does to the energies of the soul. It brings them to a focus, and achievement follows as a matter of course.

To occupy one's self with trifles weans from the habit of work more effectually than idleness.—Rt. Rev. J. L.

Spalding.

Nothing that is of real worth can be achieved without courageous working. Man owes his growth chiefly to that active striving of the will, that encounter with difficulty, which we call effort; and it is astonishing to find how often results apparently impracticable are thus made possible.

Invincible determination and a right motive are the

levers that move the world.—Porter.

Vigilance in watching opportunity; tact and daring in seizing opportunity; force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible achievement—these are the martial virtues which must command success.

# Alphabet of Success.

Attend carefully to details. Be prompt in all things. Consider well, then decide positively. Dare to do right, fear to do wrong. Endure trials patiently. Fight life's battles bravely. Go not into the society of the vicious. Hold integrity sacred. Injure not another's reputation. Join hands with the virtuous. Keep your mind free from evil thoughts. Lie not for any consideration. Make few special friends. Never try to appear what you are not. Observe good manners. Pay your debts promptly. Question not the veracity of a friend. Respect the counsel of your parents. Sacrifice money rather than principle. Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks. Use your leisure for improvement.

Venture not upon the threshold of wrong.

Watch carefully over your passions. Extend to every one a kindly greeting.

Yield not to discouragement.

Zealously labor for right and success is certain.

The secret of progress lies in knowing how to make use, not of what we have chosen, but of what is forced upon us.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

Fail—yet rejoice; because no less

Fail—yet rejoice; because no less The failure that makes thy distress May teach another full success.—*Procter*.

Mankind is more indebted to industry than ingenuity; the gods set up their favors at a price, and indus-

try is the purchaser.

As a spring can never rise higher than its source, so one can never attain a greater success than he believes he can. Absolute confidence in one's ability to succeed is an indispensable essential to the highest achievement.

When you have found your niche—when you realize that you are working along the line of your strongest faculties instead of your weakest-do not allow anything to divert you from your choice. No matter what difficulties may arise, no matter how much harder than you anticipated your work may be, do not waver or turn Stand firm by your choice. Remember that there are times in every career when the thorns are more plentiful than the roses. It is at such seasons that your manhood must assert itself, that the strength of your purpose must be proved. Do not, however dark or discouraging the outlook, admit the possibility of defeat. Set your face toward your goal, and stoutly affirm and reaffirm your confidence in your ability to succeed. This keeping one's self up to the success standard, and maintaining, in all its dignity and integrity, one's self-sufficiency to accomplish the thing undertaken, is proof of a strong character.

Never permit any one or anything to undermine your self-confidence. Never admit to yourself, even in thought, that there may be a possibility of your failure. This constant affirmation, this persistent dwelling upon the possible, or plus, phase of success, and never admitting the negative, will tend to strengthen, to render impregnable, the great purpose, the one unwavering aim,

which brings victory.

Many fail because their self-confidence becomes shaky; they allow people to inject their doubts and

fears into their minds, until they become uncertain of themselves, and ultimately lose altogether that buoyant faith in their ability to succeed without which no great

thing ever was accomplished.

What though you are poor, or your environment unfavorable! These things should incite you to greater effort. Stoutly deny the power of adversity or poverty to keep you down, constantly assert your superiority to your environment, believe firmly that you were made to dominate your surroundings, that you are the master and not the slave of circumstances, and conditions will soon improve. This very domination in thought, this assumption of power, this affirmation of belief in your ability to succeed, the mental attitude which claims success on the highest plane as an inalienable birthright, will strengthen the whole nature, and give wonderful power to the combination of faculties which doubt, fear, and lack of confidence undermine.

Many a man has accomplished his object by this determined adherence to faith in his ability to succeed, when everything but his determination and confidence in himself has been swept away. One should cling to this priceless birthright as he would cling to his honor.

Thoughts are forces, and the constant affirmation of one's inherent right and power to succeed will soon change inhospitable conditions and unkind environments to favorable paths to success and happiness. "The thing we long for, that we are."—Success.

There is no rest from labor on earth; there are always duties to perform and functions to exercise, functions which are ever enlarging and extending in proportion to the growth of our moral and mental station.

The richest land produces only thorns when neglected by the laborer who relies on its natural fertility.—

D'Aquesseau.

Men give me credit for genius; but all the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject on hand I study it profoundly. The effect I make they call the fruit of genius; it is, however, the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

The best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.—Dr. John

Hall

Never despair, but if you do, work on in despair.—

Burke.

Tell me how much has been your patient toil in obscurity and I will tell you how far you will triumph in an emergency.—Wm. Mathews.

The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.—Disraeli.

Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure.—Edward Eggleston.

He is a weak man who cannot twist and weave the threads of his feeling—however fine, however tangled, however strained, or however strong—into the great cable of purpose, by which he lies moored to his life of action.-Ik Marvel.

"Health, usefulness and success are mine; I claim them." Keep on thinking the thought, no matter what happens, and ere long these blessings will be yours.

The law that underlies this mental process may be thus expressed: "Desire will fulfill itself." "Nothing is impossible to him that believeth," to use Biblical language.

We can achieve success and have health, wealth and happiness, if we will persistently hold firmly to a desire for these things and confidently believe in the realization of our desire.

When apparent adversity comes, be not cast down. Make the best of it. Always look forward to better things, for conditions more prosperous.

By daily holding yourself in this mental attitude you will set in motion subtle, silent and irresistible forces that, sooner or later, will actualize in material form that which is to-day simply an idea.

But let it be understood that ideas possess occult power, and that ideas, when properly planted and carefully tended, are the seeds which ere long spring up as material conditions.

Avoid with the utmost care all worrying and complaining, and utilize the time that would be given to this baneful habit, in looking forward to and actualizing the condition you desire.

Suggest prosperity to yourself. See yourself mentally in prosperous circumstances. Keep ever affirming to yourself that you will soon be in prosperous circumstances. Affirm it calmly and quietly, but strongly and confidently.

Believe it absolutely. Expect it, keep it continually watered by strong, persistent expectations. The poet observes:

The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment,
Ere the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment;
Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glows down the wished ideal,
And longing molds the clay what Life
Carves in the marble real.

--Lowell.

Desire will fulfill itself. How? By keeping up this habit of thought you make yourself a magnet to attract to yourself the things you strongly desire. Don't be afraid to suggest, to affirm these things, for by so doing you put forth ideas which are bound very soon to clothe themselves in material form. By this process of mentation you are utilizing one of the most subtle

and dynamic forces in the universe.

If you are specially desirous for anything that you regard as good and right to possess, which will enlarge your life or add to your usefulness, simply hold the thought in mind. Thus at the right time, in the proper way and through the right instrumentality, there will come to you or there will open up for you the way whereby you can attain your desire. Faith, absolute dogmatic faith, is the only law of true success. When we recognize the fact that a man carries with him his success or failure, and that it does not depend upon outside conditions, we will come into the possession of powers which will greatly change outside conditions into agents that make for success. We will thus, like Napoleon, make circumstances subservient to our interests. When we come into this higher realization and bring our lives into complete harmony with the higher laws, we will then be able to focus and direct the awakened interior forces so that they will go out and return laden with that for which they were sent. We will then be great enough to attract success, which has so far been apparent just a little ahead of us in the race of life.

The philosophy of this is not far to seek. The "law of attraction" works ever through the universe. Like attracts like. God holds all things in His hands for His children. "All things are yours." Such is the believer's heritage, though we often fail to realize it,

through lack of faith.

Have absolute confidence in your own ability. It has been well said: "The men and women who are successful in a worldy way are those who have absolute confidence in their ability." Hold in your mind the thought of success, and you will be successful.—Dr. J.

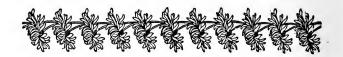
C. Quinn.

If we were to examine a list of the men who have left their mark on the world we should find that, as a rule, it is not composed of those who were brilliant in youth, or who gave great promise at the outset of their careers, but rather of the plodding young men who, if they have not dazzled by their brilliancy, have had the power of a day's work in them, who could stay by a task until it was done, and well done; who have had grit, persistence, common sense and honesty.

It is the steady exercise of these ordinary homely virtues, united with average ability, rather than a deceptive display of more showy qualities in youth, that enables a man to achieve greatly and honorably. we were to attempt to make a forecast of the successful men of the future, we should not look for them among the ranks of the "smart" boys, those who think they "know it all" and are anxious to win by a short route.

The successful man, whether in business or politics, who has risen by a conscienceless swindling of his neighbors, by deceit and chicanery, by unscrupulous boldness and unscrupulous cunning, stands toward society as a dangerous wild beast. The mean and ringing admiration which such a career commands among those who think crookedly or not at all, makes this kind of success perhaps the most dangerous of all the influences that threaten our national life. Our standard of public and private conduct will never be raised to the proper level until we make the scoundrel who succeeds feel the weight of a hostile public opinion even more strongly than the scoundrel who fails.—Theodore Roosevelt.





#### CHAPTER VIII.

# Friendship, Love, Company.

This is the prize definition of "Friendship" selected by a newspaper from a list submitted to it:

The person who comes in : when the whole world has gone : out.

The following are some of the best definitions submitted: A bank of credit on which we draw supplies of confidence, counsel, sympathy, help and love.

One who considers my needs before my deservings. The triple alliance of the three great powers, love,

sympathy and help.

One who understands our silence.

A jewel, whose luster the strong acids of poverty and misfortune cannot dim.

One who smiles on our fortunes, frowns on our faults, sympathizes with our sorrows, weeps at our bereavements and is a safe fortress at all times of trouble.

One who, gaining the top of the ladder, won't forget you if you remain at the bottom.

An insurance against misanthropy.

An earthly minister of heavenly happiness.

A friend is like ivy—the greater the ruin, the closer he clings.

One who to himself is true, and therefore must be so to you.

The same to-day, the same to-morrow, either in prosperity, adversity or sorrow.

One truer to me than I am myself.

Who is my brother? Is it he
Whose lot is lifted high
Above earth's toiling ones? Not thus,
The Saviour made reply.

From the quiet hills I hear him say, And from the busy coast, "Thy brother is, O questioner, The one who needs thee most."

Friendship, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth.

Disarm your enemies by gentleness.

The friendship of the good is a refuge that fails not, a treasure that angels prize, and in their diadems it is

set round with virtue, love and truth.

The rapidity with which the human mind levels itself to the standard around it gives us the most pertinent warning as to the company we keep.—James Russell Lowell.

If I should see

A brother languishing in sore distress, And I should turn and leave him comfortless

When I might be

A messenger of hope and happiness, How could I ask to have what I denied In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might speak

Some words to cheer a fainting heart,
And I should seal my lips and sit apart
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart,
How could I hope to have my grief relieved
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know

That day is lost wherein I fail to lend A helping hand to some wayfaring friend, But if it show

A burden lightened by the cheer I send, Then do I hold the golden hours well spent And lay me down to sleep in sweet content.

We cannot help who our relatives may be, but we have an unlimited autonomy in the selection of our friends, and we should use it with the greatest of discretion.—John McCarthy.

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the ling'ring dewdrop from the sun.
—Wordsworth

A long novitiate of acquaintance should precede the vows of friendship.—Bolingbroke.

A man should keep his friendship in constant re-

pair.—Johnson.

It is easier to forgive the weak whom we have injured than the powerful who have injured us.

O man! forgive thy mortal foe, Nor ever strike him blow for blow; For all the souls on earth that live, To be forgiven, must forgive. Forgive him seventy times and seven; For all the blessed souls in Heaven Are both forgivers and forgiven!

-Tennyson.

The heart of a Christian should be a tomb for the faults of his friends.

Nothing can withstand or resist the evil influence of bad companionship. Parental influence cannot check it. No virtue is so strong, no intelligence or education so superior or enlightened as not to fall a victim to the baneful influence of evil companionship. The proverb says: "Tell me with whom you go and I will tell you who you are." Or again: "Companionship is among likes or makes likes." This being so, therefore should the greatest vigilance be exerted in this respect. St. Augustine says: "Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty, but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out. but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood."

We may know a man by the company he keeps; we may know him better by the books he loves, and if he

loves none he is not worth knowing.

Friendship is one of those subjects on which much has been written—indeed, a great deal more has been written than is understood about it. Perhaps Dante's definition of friendship is the shortest and best one of all. He was asked by the Prince of Corona how the fact was to be accounted for that in the household of princes the court fool was in greater favor than the

philosopher. "Similarity of mind is the cause of friendship the world over," was the fierce reply of Dante, thereby incurring the eternal enmity of the Prince. There are many causes that separate friends. One of the chasms that part friends is sarcasm. Another is borrowing money. Make friends with your creditors if you can, but never make a creditor of your friend. Some persons look for perfection in a friend. They are doomed to disappointment.

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,

The hand of a friend most dear,

Who has passed from our side to the shadowy land,

But what of the hand that is near?

To the living's touch is the soul inert
That weeps o'er the silent urn?
For the love that lives is our hand alert
To make some sweet return?

Do we answer back in a fretful tone When life's duties press us sore? Is our praise as full as if they were gone, And could hear our praise no more?

As the days go by are our hands more swift For a trifle beyond their share Than to grasp, for a kindly, helpful lift, The burden some one must bear?

We sigh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And we think ourselves sincere,
But what of the friends that about us stand,
And the touch of the hand that is here?

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joy.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.
—Shakespeare.

Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.—Richter.

Procure not friends in haste, and when thou hast a friend part not with him in haste.—Solon.

I would not enter on my list of friends (Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense, Yet wanting sensibility) the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

Cowper.

If any little love of mine May make a life the sweeter, If any little care of mine May make a friend the fleeter, If any lift of mine may ease The burden of another,

God give me love and care and strength To help my toiling brother.

Friendship has a noble effect upon all states and conditions. It relieves our cares, raises our hopes and abates our fears. A friend who relates his success talks himself into a new pleasure, and, by opening his misfortunes, leaves part of them behind him.

The basis and groundwork of friendship is the forgetting of self through that sympathy which must always exist between real friends. With such a starting point, friendship—true friendship—must lead to better, nobler life, to higher ideas, and to purer desires.

If you associate with the wicked you will become

wicked yourself .- Menander.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree; love is a present for a mighty king; much less make any man thine enemy.—George Herbert.

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we re-

tain them by the qualities we possess.

As soon as we begin to hate our neighbor God hates us.—Curé of Ars.

That song is sweetest, bravest, best, Which plucks the thistle-barb of care From a despondent brother's breast, And plants a sprig of heartsease there.

-Andrew Downing.

Human relations are sensitive things and require care and watchfulness.

One's work is the best company.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

Whoever would test friendship, or love, or culture, or

religion by its utility is a Philistine.—Ibid.

There are many lovers, but little love; many believers, but little faith.-Ibid.

The deepest love is silent; the deepest faith is dumb. — *Ibid*.

The man who has friends has no friend.—Aristotle. It is pleasant to hear of the success of a friend.—Herodotus.

We make friends not by receiving, but by conferring kindness.—Thucydides.

The deepest hunger of a faithful heart is faithful-

ness.—George Eliot.

Chide a friend in private and praise him in public.—
Solon.

Forgive thy neighbor if he has hurt thee, and then thy sins shall be forgiven thee when thou prayest.—

Eccles. xxviii.

Friends are to be estimated from their deeds, not

their words.—Livy.

What fidelity can be expected among strangers if it is wanting among friends.—Sallust.

"Friends, in this world of hurry
And work and sudden end,
If a thought comes quick of doing
A kindness to a friend,
Do it that blessed minute!
Don't put it off! Don't wait!
What's the use of doing a kindness
If you do it a day too late.

No one comes near us or across us, but it is through an intention of God, that we may help, soothe or cheer him.—Faber.

People will, in a great degree, and not without reason, form their opinion of you, upon that which they have of your friends; and there is a Spanish proverb which says, very justly, "Tell me with whom you associate, and I will tell you who you are."

No man can be provident of his time who is not

prudent in the choice of his company.—Taylor.

What is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

-Goldsmith.

The possession of friends is the purest happiness and the greatest source of sweetness in life.

Having friends is multiplying one's knowledge.

We are three, said a philosopher, but, as we have but one heart, we see through the mind of all, we labor with the strength of all. Having friends, says De Maistre, is a conductor who carries off sorrow.

Nothing is so healing as the balm of affection.

But friends must be won. Being loved for one's self is a romantic dream. God makes advances to win friends; why should not we?

Character doubtless has much to do with friendship affording more or less sympathy, but unselfish efforts

complete what sympathy has begun.

To have friends, merit them. If you do not merit esteem and you have exterior qualities which please, or riches which dazzle, or a position which can afford protection—three things which attract time servers—you will perhaps be flattered, you will not be loved.

Friendship is as delicate and *timid* as a dove. She must be approached softly, and allured gently; but once *taken*, how *faithful* she is and how she fills all life with her grace and beauty. Do you know what attracts her?

Good will and affability—obscure little virtues, one of which does not see or at least does not look at the defects of others, and the other, which attracts by a hidden charm pervading one's bearing, one's smile, one's words.

Little virtues which cost little and are of great value. It is sometimes possible to be too kind; we never

have too much good will and affability.

Kindness. There is nothing which more strongly attracts and binds a heart than deeds of kindness, and the heart which is insensible to them is a bad heart.

Kind deeds are the net which we must cast every hour; many hearts will doubtless escape; sufficient will remain to compensate you for the trouble you have taken and the outlay you have made. Is not happiness worth a little fatigue? The basis of happiness is kindness.

Consideration. This is the small coin of kindness and affability; it is current everywhere, with all, and always brings back a little friendship.

The considerate man not only avoids giving pain, but he further enters into the tastes, the views of all,

and profits by the least occasion to give pleasure.

Thus, you will find, that I have spoken better than another who nevertheless shall have said the same thing. You do not grow weary in diverting my weariness; you study my humor, to which you subject yours; you never wound my self-love by a too vivid picture of my faults; the duty which I have neglected you perform, leaving me to believe I have done it myself.

How could I not love you?

But consideration requires a good deal of tact.

Do too little, you are rude; do too much, you are officious.

We must be considerate—in heart, to love; in mind and tact, to do fittingly what is to be done; in patience, to long bear with forgetfulness and even lack of gratitude.

Let us try to gain a friend each day. Doubtless we may not always preserve them, but there will surely be among them an affectionate heart won by our kindness, and if one becomes an intimate friend of the soul, surely we are repaid.

Perhaps it is better to be able to say my friend than

my friends.

An art still more difficult than making friends is the art of preserving them. Only remember that the pleasures of friendship, the duties of friendship, are synonymous terms to kind hearts.

That your love may long endure in all its tenderness, always live as if you were on the eve of parting and desired to have a mutually pleasant memory.

Then do not judge your friend; according as we be-

gin to judge, our love begins to weaken.

Would you finally be sure that you are loved and that you truly love? See if in your friend and yourself there are these four qualities:

Prudent liberty, which proves in a friend the weaknesses he should correct, but does it with a tact and delicacy which never causes a friend to blush.

Frank and confiding intercourse, in which counsel is

simply given and asked.

Courageous justice to undertake the defense of a friend in order to establish, increase or maintain his reputation, even at the risk of personal unpleasantness.

Constant kindness, which is a support and consolation, making us always easy of access, and enabling our friend to count upon us always and in all things.

All men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friend in like manner.—Cyrus.

Few mortals are so insensible that their affections cannot be gained by mildness, their confidence by sincerity, their hatred by scorn or neglect.—Zimmerman.

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies; seldom safe to instruct, even our friends.—Colton.

Friendship! Mysterious cement of the soul!

Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!

—Robert Blair.

Those who humble us are our friends, and those who praise us are our enemies.—Curé of Ars.

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall; A mother's secret hope outlives them all.—Holmes.

We are all ungrateful to those from whom we receive the highest and holiest gifts.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

#### His Mother.

He is too young to know it now, But some day he will know.

-Eugene Field.

Above her little sufferer's bed,
With all a mother's grace,
She stroked the curly, throbbing head
And soothed the fevered face.
"He does not know my love, my fears,
My toil of heart and hand;
But some day in the after years,
Some day he'll understand;
Some day he'll know
I loved him so,
Some day he'll understand."

A wild lad plays his thoughtless part
As fits his childhood's lot,
And tramples on his mother's heart
Oftimes and knows it not.
He plays among his noisy mates,
Nor knows his truest friend;
His mother sighs. as still she waits,
"Some day he'll comprehend;
The day will be
When he will see;
Some day he'll comprehend."

The strong youth plays his strenuous part;
His mother waits alone;
And soon he finds another heart—
To mate unto his own.
She gave him up in joy and woe,
He takes his young bride's hand,

His mother murmurs, "Will he know And ever understand? When will he know I love him so?" When will he understand?"

The strong man fights his battling days,
The fight is hard and grim;
His mother's plain, old-fashioned ways
Have little charm for him.
The dimness falls around her years,
The shadows round her stand—
She mourns in loneliness and tears,
"He'll never understand;
He'll never know
I love him so;
He'll never understand."

A bearded man of serious years
Bends down above the dead,
And rains the tribute of his tears
Over an old gray head.
He stands the open grave above,
Amid the mourning bands;
And now he knows his mother's love,
And now he understands;
Now doth he know
She loved him so,
'And now he understands.

—Sam Walter Foss.

A great help to advancement in spiritual life is to have a friend whom you will permit to inform you of your faults.—St. Ignatius.

Friends humor and flatter us, they steal our time, they encourage our love of ease, they make us content with ourselves, they are the foes of our virtue and our glory.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

## Where's Mother?

Bursting from the school or play This is what the children say; Trooping, crowding, big and small, On the threshold, in the hall, Joining in the constant cry Ever as the days go by—
"Where's mother?" From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize;
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past and honors won—
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task, One day we may vainly ask For the comfort of her face, For the rest of her embrace. Let us love her while we may, Well for us that we can say— "Where's mother?"

The love of our neighbor is the only door out of the

dungeon of self.—Macdonald.

Help somebody worse off than yourself, and you will find that you are better off than you had thought.

# Life's Scars.

The choicest garb, the sweetest grace
Are oft to strangers shown;
The careless mien, the frowning face
Are given to our own.
We flatter those we scarcely know—
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To those who love us best.

Love does not grow on every tree,
Nor true hearts yearly bloom.

Alas for those who only see
This cut across a tomb!

But, soon or late, the fact grows plain
To all through sorrow's test—

The only folks who give us pain
Are those we love the best.

—E. W. Wilcox.

## Faith.

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

O, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting friend o'ertakes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.
—Frances Anne Kemble.

# Care in the Choice of Friends.

We owe much to ourselves in the choice of friends. Sir John Lubbock says: "In the choice of a dog or of a horse we exercise the greatest care. We inquire into its pedigree, its training and character, and yet we too often leave the selection of our friends, which is of infinitely greater importance—by whom our whole life will be more or less influenced either for good or evil—almost to chance."

And such is the fact. Meeting one in the most casual way, we frequently adopt him as an intimate. The curl of the lip, the twitch of the eyelid or the toss of the head, having in some strange way fascinated us, without hesitation we cultivate the acquaintanceship until it ripens into friendship, and our whole life suffers or gains thereby—imperceptibly, perhaps, but as surely as the waters of the stream tend to the ocean. There is so much of evil in the world which we cannot avoid, and with which at times we come into close contact, that it goes without saying that in matters wherein we have a voice we should use it with wise discretion.

Our good or bad fortune depends greatly on the choice we make of our friends.

## A Lost Friend.

My friend he was; my friend from all the rest; With childlike faith he oped to me his breast; No door was locked on altar, grave or grief; No weakness veiled, concealed no disbelief; The hope, the sorrow and the wrong were bare, And ah, the shadow only showed the fair!

I gave him love for love; but, deep within, I magnified each frailty into sin; Each hill-topped foible in the sunset glowed, Obscuring vales where rivered virtues flowed, Reproof became reproach, till common grew The captious word at every fault I knew. He smiled upon the censorship, and bore With patient love the touch that wounded sore;

Until at length, so had my blindness grown, He knew I judged him by his faults alone.

Alone, of all men, I knew him best, Refused the gold, to take the dross for test! Cold strangers honored for the worth they saw; His friend forgot the diamond in the flaw.

At last it came—the day he stood apart When from my eyes he proudly veiled his heart; When carping judgment and uncertain word, A stern resentment in his bosom stirred; When in his face I read what I had been, And with his vision saw what he had seen.

Too late! too late! Oh, could he then have known, When his love died, that mine had perfect grown, That when the veil was drawn, abased, chastised, The censor stood the lost one truly prized, Too late we learn—a man must hold his friend Unjudged, accepted, trusted to the end.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.





### CHAPTER IX.

# The Way to Happiness.

It has been said with truth that there is more love in the world than is ever spoken. Equally true is it that there is more happiness in the world than there is ever spoken. Listen to any chance conversation, and the probabilities are that you will hear dilated upon in its details some misfortune, some accident, some trying or annoying circumstance, or some sorrowful event, while it is the great exception to hear a minute description of some joyful circumstance, or some enduring happiness that has come into life. Perhaps one very reason for this may be found in the fact that happiness so greatly exceeds woe in the world, that it is less vividly realized.

This is the case even with the common, outward events of life. The countless safe and pleasant journeys that are made on sea or land are taken as a matter of course, and excite no remark. But let a single accident happen, and it is immediately telegraphed to all parts of the country, and printed in all the newspapers of the land. Or a family lives in unbroken unity for years, without realizing their happiness, but when at length a bereavement comes, how strong is the impression of sorrow upon the survivors! Often do we hear it said: "We did not know how happy we were," and frequently it is only the absence of something that we never had thought of that reveals its true precious-

ness.

The abundance of light and air, the delights of the eye and the ear, the security of our homes, our peaceful surroundings, the affection of our friends and countless other blessings we scarcely think of in their plenitude; while let but one of them be removed, even for a brief space, and our woe is complete and overshadowing.

It is a great mistake which some melancholy people make to imagine that they can shed happiness around

them while permanently sad themselves. We cannot give what we have not got. It is the bright eye and the cheerful smile which lights up the face of another, and the sadness which cannot be concealed is equally contagious. Marcus Aurelius said: "It is not seemly that I, who willingly have brought sorrow to none, should permit myself to be sad."

It will also help us to realize and to diffuse the happiness of life, to speak often of its presence. Expression always emphasizes and increases its subject, whatever that may be. In recalling to the mind of another the sources of joy mutually open to us, we bring to light much happiness that was hidden, and give it new life

and vigor in a new consciousness.

Let those who are fond of reciting their woes think of this, and cease to drop the poison of sadness into the cup of life which all must drink. Let us, on the contrary, generously pour out upon other hearts all the gladness, the brightness, the joy which we feel, and open up to them all the sources of it that we have found. Thus in the consciousness alike of ourselves and others a true happiness may be realized, too deep to be disturbed, and too strong to be broken down.

The happiness of your life depends upon the charac-

ter of your thoughts .- Marcus Aurelius.

There are persons who will work for the good of their fellow-creatures, who will give money and time, labor and thought to reforms and schemes for general welfare, who will not hesitate to make sacrifices, to perform benevolent and kindly actions, but who never give free and hearty utterance to the gladness that they feel or the pleasures they enjoy. It is not that they intend to deprive anyone of happiness, but they do not realize how much they could thus bestow. While trying in many ways to give light and warmth to their fellowcreatures they bottled up their own sunshine, forgetting that its influence might extend far and wide. pernicious silence should be broken at the risk of being called a chatterbox. If the day is fair, and the air pure and clear, why not emphasize the fact; if we see any beauty why not point it out; if we feel any joy let us hasten to show it, and if we have received any good, let us freely express it, and the result is a free, happy, generous disposition, which brings most perfect serenity to every life.

Almost anyone can mention things for which we should be grateful, such as home, friends, the right use of all our faculties, etc., but few are so discerning as

to note that even apparent misfortune and affliction may prove blessings. When a disappointment shocks us, when trouble smites us, when sorrow unseals the tear-fonts, who then can be grateful? And yet all chastisement is for our good, and proves that we are loved of the Lord.

Life, even in bondage or suffering, is more desirable to most people than death. But how many robust, sound, vigorous men there are who are full of discontent, forgetful that their sinewy frames are boons for which many a millionaire would give all his wealth. There is a glow and an exhilaration in health which makes life a song and a delight. Mere existence becomes luxury. And yet there are thousands of people who have never had a sick day in all their lives, who never thought to say, "Thank God."

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.—Lydia Maria Child.

If happiness is the rarest of blessings, it is because the reception of it is the rarest of virtues.—Attic Philosopher.

The happiness of man in this life does not consist in

the absence, but in the mastery of his passions.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the sunlight of a cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile-all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us at once out of the arms of despair; out of the mists and shadows, away from tears and repining, into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in a household will keep everything bright and warm within. Envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, and a host of evil passions may lurk around the door, they may even look within, but they never enter or abide there; the cheerful face will put them all to shame and flight. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel we cannot express, and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through our veins for very joy; we turn toward the sun, and its warm genial influence refreshes and strengthens our fainting spirit. Ah! there is a world of magic in the plain cheerful face! It charms us with a spell of eternity, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth. It may be a very little face—one that we nestle upon our bosom, or sing to sleep in our arms, with a low,

sweet lullaby; but it is such a bright cheery face! The scintilations of a joyous spirit are flashing from every feature. And what a power it has over the household, binding each heart together in tenderness and love and sympathy. Shadows may darken around us, but somehow this face ever shines between, and the shining is so bright, that the shadows cannot remain, and silently creep away into the dark corners, until the cheerful face is gone. It may be a wrinkled face, but it is all the dearer for that, and none the less bright. We linger near it, and gaze tenderly upon it, and say, "Heaven bless this happy face!" We must keep it with us as long as we can, for home will lose much of its brightness when that face is gone.

The greatest reward? Gratitude. The greatest blessing? Health. The greatest work? Godliness.

The greatest wonder? Ourselves.
The greatest service? To be trusted.

The greatest burden? That borne in silence.

The greatest aim? To form ideals and live up to them.

The greatest path? Duty—that most difficult to

traverse.

The greatest jewel? An earthly sunbeam whose light never fades.

The greatest power? That which is used not for

self-gain.

The greatest task? To learn to suffer without complaining.

The greatest grief? The snapping of a life's link.
The greatest happiness? Peace and contentment in

The greatest voice? That which is silent when spite

The greatest riches? To be worthy of the love of faithful friends.

The greatest misfortune? To be in the drink demon's

The greatest failure? That for want of courage wrought.

The greatest crown? That borne without a stain. The greatest folly? Pride and its brother, deceit. The greatest victory? That gained over anger's

The greatest sacrifice? Self-denial for others' gain.
The greatest longing? To leave the world a little better for having lived in it.

As a brook brightens by stumbling over stones, so a soul is beautified by resisting temptation.—St. Augustine.

To serve God. Herein lies true happiness, the happiness of yesterday, the happiness of to-day, the happiness of all days. But we must know this, and when we know this, we must act. Many never know it, and of those who know it, many never commence to act; of those who commence many do not continue, or else continue so feebly that their search for happiness serves merely to weary and disgust them still more with their false happiness; that is with their real unhappiness.

"I have searched for happiness in the elegant life of the drawing-room, in sumptuous banquets, and in the dissipation of balls and theatres. I have taken part in every festival. I sought for it also in the possession of gold, in the excitement of gaming, in the illusions of marvelous romances, but in vain; while one hour spent in visiting a sick person, in consoling one in affliction, in helping an unfortunate man, has sufficed to procure me an enjoyment more delicious than all worldly delights."—A Young Man, quoted by the Rev. Fr. Felix.

Try to be happy in the very present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come, as though that time should be of another make, from this, which is already

come, and is ours.—Fuller.

The happiness of life depends very much on little things; and one can be brave and great and good while making small sacrifices and doing small duties faithfully and cheerfully.—Louisa M. Alcott.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over

another without a few drops falling on one's self.

It is a pleasure to meet people who are pleasant, affable and kind; who do not seek to extinguish you with disdain or humiliate you with indifference. can be over-pleasant as well as overbearing, but the former is infinitely preferable. Habit has something to do with a man's behavior, although disposition is the stronger element—certainly, when men have contracted habits of pride and insolence that are almost brutal. Money enters into the life of some men and makes them haughty and overbearing, who. lacking it, would have been kind and considerate. Jesus inveighed most strongly against pride and haughtiness, and said the publican was justified rather than the proud Pharisee, for all the lengthy prayers of the latter. In view of the shortness of life and its many unavoidable cares and troubles, we think it is a wise thing to cultivate a pleasant manner toward all. "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" must be an inscrutable puzzle from any true and just point of view. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," is as true to-day as in the long ago when it was written. Pope calls pride "the never-failing vice of fools," and wisely, too. There is in pride and hauteur a disennobling of men beyond computation. If pride is not vice, it can lay little claim to virtue. Why, then, be proud and haughty? Rich or poor, high or low, should shun its narrowing spirit, and learn to practice a pleasant manner, a courteous spirit of kindness toward all whom we may meet in this transitory world.—Alexander Macauley.

It is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palmtree, to strive most upward when most burdened.—Sir

Philip Sidney.

It is seldom people are conscious of their actual blessings! Not that they are ignored through positive and perverse ingratitude, but partly from sheer want of reflection, partly because custom steals the value from the boon which we habitually receive. And yet, how bountifully those simple, daily blessings are showered down upon the poorest, humblest, saddest of us all!

Those persons upon whom the golden rays of prosperity descend in unbroken floods, are frequently less cognizant than all others of the opulent store of benefits

poured out upon them.

The fatal illusion from which we suffer is that riches are what you carry in your purse, not what you have in your heart. The eternal fact is that health is better than a gold mine, and yet we spend the health to get the mine and then, when it is too late, would be glad to give the mine for health.

Almost everybody wishes to be rich, but riches mean very different things to different people. If you give its highest and best definition you discover that some whom the world calls poor are really wealthy and some whom the world envies on account of their possessions

are really "poor indeed."

The man of millions may have that in his soul which is worth more than his bank account, the poor man may have poverty of soul as well as of purse. The real riches are those which you can take with you when you go. They cannot be left to your heirs. They are yours alone, and neither life nor death can deprive you of them.

It is a useful, a holy, a heart expanding practice, to ponder over, and sum up, daily, the manifest blessings which have been accorded us, and which we would not willingly forego! How great will even those who cry out that they have received few, or none, find their allotted share! Try the experiment, and see if this be not so!

Resolve that it shall be one of the daily duties of your life, one of its indispensable employments, to seek

out and sum up each day's blessing.

St. Charles Borromeo struggled through great difficulties in the discharge of his duties, without ever betraying the least impatience. A friend who highly admired these virtues, which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communi-

cate the secret of being always quiet and happy.
"Yes," he replied, "I can teach you my secret and with great pleasure. It consists in nothing more than

in making a right use of my eyes."

His friend begged him to explain himself.

"Most willingly," answered the archbishop. "In whatever state I am I first look up to heaven, and I remember that my principal aim here is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it. I then look abroad into the world and observe what multitudes there are more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

He is not rich that hath much, but he that hath enough; nor he poor that hath but little, but he that

wants more. - Warwick.

An old philosopher had a maxim, "That happiness consists not in a state of possession, but of desire; so that when all wishes have been gratified, and we have nothing left to long for, we are really further from be-

ing happy than we were in the beginning."

In worldly pursuits, happiness lies rather in the desire and anticipation of a thing than in its actual possession. It is, therefore, a wise dispensation of Providence which ordains that all our desires shall never be gratified, and that we shall always have something to

There was once a young prince of Abyssinia, who had but to express a desire in order to secure its satisfaction.

Heir to vast riches, he spent his youthful days in luxurious idleness beneath the soft skies of a southern clime. Master of a thousand slaves, his wishes were

anticipated, and his commands executed with diligence and devotion.

Health crowned all the other gifts and blessings which Heaven had lavished on this favored being. Surely he, of all mortals, had most reason to be happy. And yet he was of all men the most completely miserable. None of the many pleasures at his command seemed to fill his heart or satisfy his reason, and every new gratification left behind it increased bitterness and disgust.

Filled by an infinite weariness, he left his princely home, and in a mean disguise went forth among men, to find whether less favored mortals had attained that happiness which had always eluded his grasp. Here in a modified form he found the same spirit of discontent and unrest-men laboring for years to achieve an object, and disappointed with the result when they had attained it. But as their desires were fewer, and their opportunities of gratification less numerous, they always imagined that happiness lay in the pleasures that they had not vet tasted; and, though all their past joys had been more delightful in the expectation than in the reality, they were convinced that the gratification of their present desire would make them supremely happy. They were happier than the prince, because he had exhausted every joy, and knew the hollowness of all; whereas they had something to hope for, and believed that their latest desire would secure them what every preceding one had failed to do.

In our disappointed and unreasonable moments it would be well to remember the Abyssinian prince, and

the lesson of his experience.

Even he might have secured, if not perfect happiness, at least a reasonable measure of contentment if he had

adopted the right method.

All true happiness, according to the Christian idea, is founded on peace of conscience. Do not make the mistake of supposing that anything else in this world can render you really happy. As we have seen, it is not in the power of wealth, fame or honors to confer this priceless blessing. All these may indeed afford a momentary intoxication, but this soon passes away and leaves an after-sense of bitterness too deep for utterance.

The pleasures of this world, like the fruit of the Dead Sea, wear an attractive appearance; but, like it also, they are wormwood to the taste and ashes to the touch.

Duty, faithfully performed, is the only real way to happiness. No matter how mean or small or trivial the work may be, if it can only be classed under the sacred head of duty, its conscientious discharge conveys a deep and abiding happiness; the most delightful emotion, and the most satisfying we shall ever experience in this world. It is better to perform well one's particular duty than it would be to achieve the grandest and most heroic action recorded in the world's history. There is no nobler word known to human speech than duty; there is no nobler spectacle in human life than its performance.

We shut our eyes to the beginnings of evil because they are small, and in this weakness is contained the germ of our defeat; how different they who gain the

strength of the temptation they resist.

Everything contributes to try you, but God who loves you, will not permit you to be tempted beyond your strength. He will make use of the temptation for your advancement.—Fénelon.

It is the little pleasures which make life sweet, as the little displeasures may do more than afflictions can to make it bitter.—N. A. Tincker.

There is somehing better for us in the world than happiness. We will take happiness as the incident of this, gladly and gratefully. We will add a thousand fold to the happiness of the present in the fearlessness of the future which it brings; but we will not place happiness first, and thus cloud our heads with doubts, and fill our hearts with discontent. In the blackest soils grow the richest flowers, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks.—

J. G. Holland.

Fortify yourself with contentment, for this is an impregnable fortress.—*Epictetus*.

The happiness of man lies in pursuing, not possessing. X

—Longfellow.

Talk happiness; the world is sad enough without your woes.

Go from world to world, from kingdom to kingdom, from riches to riches, from pleasure to pleasure,—you will never find happiness. The whole earth can no more satisfy an immortal soul, than a pinch of meal can satiate a famished man.

You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head; but you can prevent them from building their nests there.

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.—Sheri-

dan.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits. But the fact is that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is over-eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.

Surely, if we want to be happy in this world of perplexities, and of visions too, the only way is to be selfless; our lives then unconsciously express themselves in

big and little noble deeds through our selflessness.

Happiness is a state of mind—more active than contentment, less pronounced and more abiding than joyfulness; whose principal and permanent source is in a temperament disposed to make the best of what is; whose immediate occasion is in a consciousness which, pleased with the present, is without acute regret or undue apprehension.

Happiness is a matter of choice rather than of chance. There is sunshine if you will take it, and shade if you prefer it. But we have noticed that when lives are spent in the shadow, the flowers of love and sympathy open reluctantly, and the fruits ripen imperfectly. With a sunshiny world to choose from, it is a pity that we should dwarf and destroy the possibilities of our natures by spending our days in shadow.

If you do not think much of your small trials, you will talk little of them, and so your friends will be

spared a trouble as well as yourself.

Next to making complaints there is nothing so un-profitable as listening to them. Learn to forget. Forget the slights, errors in taste, gossip and scandals you see or hear. Forget to remember the wrongs you have had to meet, as soon as you have done your best to straighten them out. Forget worries, small and great. They only wear out heart and brain. Forget humiliations, cares and trials. Let your mind and heart be filled with the goodness and justice and beauty that are in the world. Do not be like the soldier who has fought one hard battle, and who spends the rest of his life thinking and telling about it.

Temptations are the crises which tempt the strength of one's character. Whether we stand or fall at these crises depends largely on what we are before the testing

We should blush with shame to show so much resentment for what is done or said against us; knowing that so many injuries and affronts have been offered to our Redeemer and the Saints.—St. Teresa.

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that is always shared.

The true way to conquer temptations is not to fight them in detail, but to go up into a loftier region, where they cease to be temptations. How is it that men do not long for the sweetmeats that used to tempt them when they were children? They have outgrown them. Then outgrow the temptations of the world! How is it that there are no mosquitoes or malaria on the mountain tops? They cannot rise above the level of the swamps by the river. Go up to the mountain top and neither malaria nor mosquitoes will follow you—which being interpreted is, go to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the tabernacle, there ask Him to keep your hearts and minds occupied with Him, and you will dwell in a region of bliss high above the temptations that buzz and sting, infest and slay, on the lower levels.

Shun pleasure. Its price is pain and it makes one an exile from high thoughts and noble deeds.—Rt. Rev.

J. L. Spalding.

He alone is happy who drinks from a fountain of joy

that wells within his own bosom.—Ibid.

That submission to one's lot means that one should sit helplessly before sorrow and disappointment while weeks and months pass by, is a terrible misapprehension. Life should be growth. These trials come to us that we may conquer them, wrest power from them. To yield faint-heartedly is surely ignoble, for there is no life so barren, or hard, or sorrowful, that it does not hold some door to wider living, if we will but seek it.

Is it loneliness that closes about us and shuts joy from our days? Have we tried honestly and patiently to touch other lonely lives? Is it because we have no time for study that life seems so hard and barren? A friend of working girls advised them to learn a poem as they went to and from their work instead of simply reading street car advertisements. A verse, a line of poetry, a single noble thought every day—who of us could not make time for this, if we would? And how rich a harvest one short year would give us! Is it poverty that is eating the gladness from our days? It is hard: but there are things within our reach that no gold could purchase us-friendship, the power of an upright life, the joy of earth and sky. Dare we, with all we have within reach, bemoan our poverty?—Frank H. Sweet, in Home and Flowers.

Happiness does not consist in the indulgence of the senses, but in the calm of a pure conscience and without reproach. In order to be happy, it is then necessary to have this thought always, that virtue even with its sacrifices is a source of felicity, whilst vice, even with its charms, does not lead to happiness.—St. Ambrose.

If each did a little towards increasing human happiness, the world would be far better than it is, for Mercy

blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

There are things that the poor prize more highly than gold, though they cost the donor nothing; among these are, the kind word, the gentle compassionate look, and the patient hearing of their sorrows. Each one can do much to alleviate misery and increase happiness.

#### The Man Worth While.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant When life flows along like a song, But the man worth while Is the one who will smile When everything goes dead wrong.

For the test of the heart is trouble, And it always comes with the years, And the smile that is worth The praise of the earth Is the smile that comes through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within
No voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.

But it's only a negative virtue Until it is tried by fire, And the life that is worth The honor of earth Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway
Is cumbered to-day;

They make up the item of life. But the virtue that conquers passion,

And the sorrow that hides in a smile—
It is these that are worth
The honor of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.



#### CHAPTER X.

# Patience, Humility, Resignation.

How poor are they that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?

—Shakesnear

—Shakespeare.

Contentment is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires,

makes a wise and happy purchase.—Balguy.
Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness.—Carlyle.

The joy that comes in sorrow's guise, The sweet pains of self-sacrifice, I would not have them otherwise.

-Whittier.

Each man can learn something from his neighbor; at least he can learn this—to have patience with his neighbor, to live and let live.—C. Kingsley.

If a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting them shorter.—A.

Cowley.

The best thing to take people out of their own worries is to go to work and find out how other folks' worries are getting on.—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

It is easy not to steal and not to lie, but it is not easy to keep from losing patience, and getting envious, and wanting to have our own way.—A. H. R.

Patience? Why, 'tis the soul of peace; of all the vir-

tues 'tis the nearest kin to Heaven.—Dekker.

Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware.—Seneca.

Humility is eldest-born of Virtue,

And claims the birthright at the throne of heaven.

—Murphy's Zobeide.

Humility leads to the highest distinction, because it leads to self-improvement. Study your own characters; endeavor to learn and supply your own deficiencies; never assume to yourelves qualities which you do not possess; combine all this with energy and activity.—

Brodie.

True resignation, which always brings with it the confidence that unchangeable goodness will make even the disappointment of our hopes and the contradictions of life conducive to some benefit, casts a grave but tranquil light over the prospects of even a toilsome and troubled life.—Humboldt.

Whatever real merit you have leave for others to discover, for people magnify their own discoveries and be-

little those of others.

Never be discouraged because good things go on so slowly here, and never fail daily to do that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord. Be charitable in view of it. God can afford to wait; why cannot we, since we have Him to fall back upon? Let Patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits. Trust to God to weave your little thread into a web, though the patterns show it not yet.

Nothing is worthy of contempt merely because it is

weak.

Calmness in the thought indicates the strength of the intellect.—Maurice de Guerin.

Be patient and wait;
In every strait
God's mercy is certain, and never too late.
Forget not in fear
That One lingers near,
To help and protect you—
Be patient and wait.

The saddest birds a season find to sing;
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.

—South

-Southwell.

A wild intoxication of self-sacrifice, contempt for death, the thirst for eternity, the delirium of love—these are what the unalterable gentleness of the Crucified has had power to bring forth. By His pardon of His executioners, and by that unconquerable sense in Him of an indissoluble union with God, Jesus, on His Cross, kindled an inextinguishable fire and revolutionized the world. He proclaimed and realized salvation

by faith in the infinite mercy, and in the pardon granted to simple repentance. By His saying "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons, who need no repentance," He made humility the gate of entrance into Paradise.—

Henri Fredric Amiel.

It sometimes happens that a sweet and gentle person comes to the evening of life unembittered by experience, however afflicting that experience may have been, and able to contemplate the Past with serenity, the Present with tolerance if not with sympathy, and the Future

with resignation and patient hope.

It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Anyone can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day. Do to-day's duty; fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them. God gives us nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living.

Death did not first strike Adam, the first rebel; nor Cain, the first hypocrite and murderer; but Abel, the innocent and righteous. Death argues not displeasure, because he whom God loved best died first and the mur-

derer was punished with living.—Hall.

Sense shines with a double luster when set in humility.—Penn.

All things find rest after their journey's end.—

Michael Angelo.

Silence is the safest response for all the contradictions that rise from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.

Whatever manner of death may take us from earth, let us make sure of God's mercy, which alone can save us in the hour of dissolution, whether foreseen or unex-

pected.

Gentleness is the part of the virtue of fortitude by which we exercise self-restraint when under serious provocation to anger. It requires patience and forbearance. It should not be considered timidity or weakness. The gentle man avoids offending others; but none braver than he in keeping others from offending God.

Sorrows may crush you if you let them fall on you wrongly, but if you bend a little they fall on the earth

and pack the soil more firmly about your roots, give you a better hold on earth and a firmer grip toward heaven. If a branch is lopped off perhaps it will help you grow more symmetrical. Pruning and thinning of fruit makes the rest of the yield larger and more luscious.—

Fr. Smulders, C. S. S. R.

A truly patient man bears, with the same evenness of temper, ignominious trials and those which are honorable. As the sting of bees is more painful than that of flies, so the contradictions we experience at the hands of good people are more trying than those which come from the wicked.—St. Francis de Sales.

It is wanting in humility to wish to raise ourselves to sublime things before being called to them by God and to wish to be Mary before having labored with Martha.—Life of St. Teresa.

No school is more necessary to children than that of patience, because either the will must be broken in

childhood or the heart in old age.

Worry is a state of spiritual corrosion. A trouble either can be remedied or it cannot. If it can be, then set about it; if it cannot be, dismiss it from consciousness, or bear it so bravely that it may become trans-

figured to a blessing.—Fr. Gloyd.

For the love of God remain calm and keep an unruffled demeanor. Divine Providence permits all; receive with a good grace what it sends you, and you will yourself be astonished at soon finding yourself pretty happy in that which is now a torture to you. Take everything in good part, the words spoken to us, the things done to us, all the proceedings of others that concern us.

Extraordinary afflictions are not always the punishment of extraordinary sins, but sometimes the trial of

extraordinary graces.—Matthew Henry.

There are lives sown in out of the way places, and carelessly passed by as weeds, whose blossoms angels might stoop to wear in the whiteness of their pure breasts.—Amber.

### Fiat Voluntas Tua.

"Thy will be done" is the sum of all true worship and right prayer. The rest is aside from the divine purpose, and could it be realized would make the world a chaos or a desert. We should not love the flowers if it were always spring; and our purest pleasures would pall did not pain and loss come to teach us their worth.

—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

We have need of patience with ourselves and with others; for the greatest things and the least; against sudden inroads of trouble, and against our daily burdens; in the weariness of the body, or the wearing of the soul; in every-day wants; in the aching of sickness or the decay of age; in disappointments, bereavements, losses, injuries, reproaches; in heaviness of the heart, or its sickness amid delayed hopes. In all these things from childhood's little troubles to the great troubles through life's journey, patience is the grace of God, whereby we endure evil for the love of God.

It is an evident sign of great humility to desire to be little esteemd, to be persecuted and condemned, though without cause, and moreover, to make no defense, but

silently bear the disgrace.—Śt. Teresa.

He shall be honored who despises and flies honors for Jesus Christ; and whosoever shall rejoice in being despised and humiliated will assuredly be exalted.—Ibid.

When people speak ill of you, they say what is true; when they pay you compliments, they are laughing at you. . . Which is best, that you should be warned, or that you should be misled? that you should be treated seriously or in joke?—Curé of Ars.

If you desire a test to know if you have the life of the Resurrection in you, see how you bear yourself to those who bear you ill will. They are among your best friends. The friends who love you and speak fair and soft things to you are not friends compared with those who look upon you with sharp eyes, and speak with cold voices, and bear unkind hearts. They try what you are, they try your patience, the spirit of your humility, whether you have a crucified will, which is the sure mark of the disciples of Jesus Christ. If you have enemies, look to see all that is good in them, and though you cannot be blind to their sin, nevertheless, in your conduct towards all who are sinful, and your treatment of sinners, you will be as if you were blind. You will be even as our Lord is to you, although He sees every sin in you, bears with you with an inimitable patience, never sharpens His voice, never makes a gesture of impatience, but seeing that the flax is not yet quenched and the reed not yet broken, He bears with you with a divine pity; so bear with your enemies!

The men who learn endurance are those who call the

world brother.—Dickens.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.—Rousseau. Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

A most important means to acquire gentleness of heart is the pious custom of performing all our actions and uttering all our words, both on trifling and important occasions, with tranquillity and without hurry. Multiply these little acts as often as possible during the time of tranquillity, so shall you lay up in your heart a store of mildness against the storm.—St. Francis de Sales.

When we step across the drawbridge of death, it is no foreign land we enter, but our native home.—Stop-

 $ford\ A.\ Brooke.$ 

Rather say we are the dead, not they; our barks are still tempest tossed on the laboring sea; theirs are safe within a windless haven, moored to the Rock of Ages.—
Fr. Woodward, C. S. P.

Death is the only physician, the shadow of his valley the only journeying that will cure us of age and the

gathering fatigue of years.—George Eliot.

Each separate death is an undisclosed secret between

the Creator and the creature.—Faber.

Fame is an undertaker; it pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.—Colton.

There are two things which ought to teach us to think but meanly of human glory; the very best have had their calumniators, the very worst their panegyrists.—Colton.

God makes a threefold appeal to every soul: He asks it to act, to suffer, to pray—To act courageously and unselfishly, to suffer uncomplainingly, to pray perseveringly, never disheartened if God delays to answer.

It often costs more to revenge injuries than to bear

them.

Of all things most ignoble is complaint. The queru-

lous are stricken with disease.

He who walks the path of humility has a short road to heaven; he has wings to bear him to Paradise; he is in the way of peace and perfect tranquility.—B. Henry Suss.

It is the abnegation of self which has wrought out all that is noble, all that is good, all that is useful, nearly all that is ornamental in the world.

It is a fault, not a virtue, to wish your humility to be

recognized and applauded.—St. Bernard.

Meekness is a rarer virtue than charity. It is more excellent than this virtue, being the fullness of charity, which is in its perfection when it is meek and beneficent. Meekness is a virtue which supposes a noble soul. Those who possess it are superior to all one may say of them

or do to them. Though they may receive indignities from others in word or action, they preserve their tranquality and lose not their peace of soul. We must, then, have a great esteem for meekness and labor to acquire it.

Every man must bear his own burden, and it is a fine thing to see any one trying to do it manfully; carrying his cross bravely, silently, patiently, and in a way which makes you hope that he has taken for his pattern the greatest of all Sufferers.—James Hamilton.

At the first impulse of passion be silent until you can

be soft.

The hardest kind of work, and the work that in the sight of God tells most, is often, perhaps always, the work a man does in his own heart. It is work to learn patience and self control. The faith that overcomes the world is often the result of a still greater victory over temptation and weakness, achieved not at one stroke, but after a long and severe struggle in which every step of vantage ground has been contested.

What we need most of all is to believe, and act upon the belief, that God's plan for us is better than any that we can make for ourselves; but that plan will depend for its success upon our constant effort. He will always furnish the means, the tools to work with, but we must do the work. If we can realize this, then no position will seem small, no sphere of life circumscribed; because, whatever it is, it gives us the opportunity to develop the best there is in us. If through our own negligence we throw away some of the best tools, then we must work the harder with what remains, and be sure even then that the result will be far beyond our greatest thought.

When we have once undergone the pelting of the pitiless and unpitied storm of adversity, and when few sympathized with us, we felt these were indeed days of anguish, and when they have once come upon us with their appalling weight, we can never be beguiled into a forgetfulness of them; the memory of them will en-

dure as long as life shall last.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man As modest stillness and humility.

—Shakespeare.

Good men and women are often tempted to speak or write hard things of their neighbors. Those who have grace enough will steadily resist this temptation, but the worldly will often yield to it unless restrained by policy. When a Christian has been wronged, he should remember the counsel of St. James, "Be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath." If at any time one should, in a sudden fit of passion, write a scathing letter, he should not mail it at once, but keep it two or three days. It will be well to withhold it until after Perhaps after the hallowed influences of Sunday. the holy day have come upon him he will not send the letter. Many a letter as been written under a spell of wrath and sent in haste which would never have gone if the author had delayed for a day. His wrath would have cooled, his judgment would have had time to act, his conscience would have been heard from, his memory would have called up the wholesome counsels of the word of God. He would have spared himself and others much pain and trouble.

He that despairs, measures Providence by his own

little contracted model.—Smith.

Despair is like froward children, who, when you take away one of their playthings, throw the rest into the fire for madness.—Charron.

This is a world full of trouble, full of disappointment, as we all know; but there is, after all, no folly so great as that of ceasing to invite the smiles of Hope, not only because her smiles are so sweet, but also because while we live, there must always be some good, as

well as some sorrow, awaiting us.

We can no more stand still in life than we can turn back. When we have no desire to go on, invisible forces are at work to compel us to do so. There are things we must do; people we must meet; events that will accrue to us. We cannot believe that the deeds will all be such as we must regret, the events all sorrowful ones, the new acquaintances all enemies.

And since we may do good, and have good done to us—since true hearts may meet ours, though we to-day do not so much as know that they beat, what may we not

hope?

Your home may be cold and dark, but it is not because the sun does not shine. It only needs a hand to open the door, and put aside the curtain, to let in warmth and light. So, any moment the shut doors of your life may open, and earth's sunshine fall across your heart. Wait and hope; it may be only that the angel whose mission it is to do this deed tarries for a little on the road.

Patience and humility in adversity are more pleasing to God than much comfort and devotion in prosperity.

To endure misfortune is greater than to die.—Caesar. There is no greater mystery than death, except life—no nobler and more inspiring theme than the immortal part of man.

From the dawn of creation to the present time, the never ending caravan of mankind has sought the confines of the mysterious land, whose gates swing ever in-

ward.

Amongst all nations and peoples, civilized and savage, the constant and ever recurring aspiration of the heart has been to know of the future life. All the learning of the world that has preceded us, based on the "cold confidence of reason," has left the heart of man still yearning and unsatisfied—still struggling with an unsolved problem. But since faith and revelation have solved the mystery which the most instructed minds could not penetrate—the Christian lives and dies in the belief—confident and abiding—that the grave is not the end of man. Where then is the sting of death, where the victory of the grave?

There are two ways of getting through this world. One way is to make the best of it, and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course

work hard for poor pay.

Let your soul never be disturbed; ignore what worry If an affair does not succeed as well as you expected, you must rejoice before God at everything that He is pleased to do. The things that appear most important to nature are only trifles in the estimation of a Christian, because nothing has any importance for him except what God wishes. Trouble and worry are for hell; the children of God ought not to know them. Work in all peace and tranquillity; do your utmost according to the nature of the things by which you are surrounded, and to the circumstances in which you find yourselves; leave the rest to the care of God's Providence. If He is pleased to crown your labors with success, rejoice before Him and give Him most humble thanks; if, on the other hand, everything goes wrong, bless Him still with your whole soul. A Christian who acts thus always passes his life in peace, in joy and happiness. At the end of this miserable life, which is of little account, there will come a happiness of which I shall not undertake to speak to you for fear of not doing so worthily.— Ven. Fr. Libermann.

We must bear, as St. Augustine says, the burden of the daily confusion of our sins. We must feel our weakness, our misery, our powerlessness to correct ourselves. We must bear with ourselves without flattering ourselves and without neglecting to labor for our correction. And whilst waiting for God to please to deliver us from ourselves, we must be undeceived about ourselves. Let us suffer ourselves to be humbled under His powerful hand; let us make ourselves pliable and ready for His guidance, by yielding as soon as we feel any resistance of our will.—Fénelon.

The most helpful and sacred work which can at present be done for humanity is to teach people (chiefly by example, as all best teaching must be done) not how to "better themselves," but how to "satisfy themselves." It is the curse of every evil nature and evil

creature to eat and not be satisfied.

Silence makes us great-hearted and judging makes

us little-minded.—Faber.

Ah, yes, I know that "I must go,"
Into the waiting grave below,
Into the lone cold grave we fear;
And tho' I feel that those who'll kneel
Beside my grave in mute appeal
Will weep in grief sincere:—
'Tis hard to sink below the brink,
Severing every sacred link
That binds affection here.

Oh! may I die as wafts a sigh
From heart that throbs its mute "good-by"
To all it holds most dear:
Resigned to God's just, holy will,
And may His peace my spirit fill,
And my glad soul with love athrill
Mount to the Eternal Sphere.

-F. de C. M.

There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face but a line of suffering runs parallel with it. They that read the lustrous syllables of the one and stoop not to decipher the other. get the least half of the lesson the earth has to give.—Faber.

If thou desirest peace in this life, keep thy secrets undisclosed, like the modest rosebud. Take warning from that lovely flower, which, by expanding its hitherto hidden beauties, when in full bloom gives its leaves

and its fragrance to the winds.—Persian.

Happy is he who does not speak in hope of praise, who is not always ready to divulge his secrets, who is

not eager to speak, but who reflects prudently on what he should say, and on the manner in which he should

say it.—St. Francis.

If we would follow our Lord and Saviour, we must die entirely to ourselves; for it is by self-denial and bearing sufferings patiently that we shall attain eternal happiness.—St. Angela of Merci.

## He Is Not Unworthy.

If one has failed to reach the end he sought, If out of effort no great good is wrought, It is not failure, if the object be The betterment of man; for all that he Has done and suffered is but gain To those who follow seeking to attain The end he sought. His efforts they Will find are guide posts on the way To that accomplishment which he, For some wise purpose, could not be The factor in. There is a need Of unsuccessful effort; 'tis the seed Whose mission is to lie beneath The soil that grows the laurel wreath, And he is not unworthy who Falls struggling manfully to do What must be done, in dire distress, That others may obtain success.

-William J. Lampton.

Let our old age be childlike, and our childhood like old age; that we may be wise without being proud, and humble without being ignorant.—St. Augustine.

The men who rejoice in their celebrity are simpletons; the men who are proud of their genius are fools.

-Dumas.

Not to heed calumny is the only way to triumph over it.—Madame de Maintenon.

Every man who worries about the morrow is sure to be miserable.—Seneca.

The pleasure of dying without anguish is much bet-

ter than the pain of living without pleasure.

However dark our lot may be, there is light enough on the other side of the cloud, in that pure empyrean where God dwells, to irradiate every darkness of the world; light enough to clear every difficult question, remove every ground of obscurity, conquer every atheistic suspicion; silence every hard judgment, light enough to satisfy, nay to ravish the mind forever.—Horace Bushnell.

Only a few more years! Weary years! Only a few more tears! Bitter tears!

And then—and then—like other men, I cease to wander, cease to weep; Dim shadows o'er my way shall creep; And out of the day and into the night, Into the dark and out of the bright I go, and death shall veil my face.

-Father Ryan-Reverie.

We may die at any moment, and when we die, we die as we are.—Faber.

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy, that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.—Langford.

Be not quickly angry; for anger resteth in the bosom

of fools.—Eccles. vii.

To be thought ill of, worse than we deserve, to have hard speeches said, cold looks displayed, by those who should have cheered us when we swerve, is one of Heaven's best lots, and may be made a treasure ere we know it.—Faber.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things go wrong your whole life long
And the sooner you know it the better.

True merit, wherever found, is ever modest, just as the well-filled heads of grain are always bent.—Dickens.

Leave your place in the world for ten minutes, and when you come back somebody else has taken it, but when you leave the world for good, who remembers that you had ever a place even in the parish register?—Bulwer.

They also serve who only stand and wait.—Milton.

Let nothing sadden or dishearten thee; but in the midst of things that are forever passing away, live in worlds which can never pass away.—Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding.

Though all I have and striven for be cast aside as having no worth, yet am I certain that failure, not less than success, serves God's purpose, if we but have good

will.—Ibid.

There is no road too long to the man who advances deliberately and without undue haste; there are no

honors too distant to the man who prepares himself for

them with patience.—Bruyère.

There is a general feeling that life is dull and sleepy because it is not made up of things calculated to excite wonder and applause. The things which give life its roundness and completeness are the things that often pass unnoticed. When the representatives of God tell men that God estimates their character, not by occasional striking events in their lives, but rather by the simple, obscure duties well performed, they turn away, if not in anger, at least in disappointment. They can understand how God can contemplate with delight that gloriousness of martyrdom, but they cannot understand how He can be interested in the simple, unobtrusive things of life. Why does God place so high an estimate on little things? It is because the lives of most of us are made up of little things. As we go on, year after year, we do not do anything calculated to attract the attention of others, but after twenty years have passed what an amazing amount of work has been done!—a character good or bad has been built.—Rev. A. Reardon.

We picture death as coming to destroy; let us rather picture Christ as coming to save. We think of death as the ending; let us rather think of life as beginning and that more abundantly. We think of losing it; let us think of gaining. We think of parting; let us think of meeting. We think of going away; let us think of arriving. As the voice of death whispers, "You must go from earth," let us hear the voice of Christ saying, "You are but coming to me."

In the calm and sweetness of a good conscience the trials of life become light; for the virtue of patience

renders their burden easy.

The lesson of our daily lives should be always to be faithful to conscience in all things, no matter how small and trivial they may be. Then peace and happiness will make their dwelling place within us, a boon which surpasses the possession of every other earthly

good.

How wonderful God's ways are! With a star He guides the wise men, who seek the new-born King. So it is. Let us seek Him with sincerity and He will guide us safely on. What though the journey may be weary and toilsome, we will, at length, reach the end, and oh! what happiness awaits. Why should we grieve on the way? We, who can look forward to a meeting so full of bliss—to a country overflowing with delights beyond

the human mind to conceive—to a love, far beyond that which the fondest heart can bestow on us. Courage then. Do not mind those sorrows we meet on the way. Do we not leave them on the road after us, and receive, in exchange, eternal joys?

In this world it is in vain to expect a complete full-

fillment of our wishes.

People are never so fortunate, or so unfortunate, as they suppose themselves to be.—Rochefoucauld.

# Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

[The following poem was a particular favorite with Abraham Lincoln. It was first shown to him when a young man, by a friend and afterwards he cut it from a newspaper and learned it by heart He said to a friend, "I would give a great deal to know who wrote it, but I have never been able to ascertain." He was told in 1864.]

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? Like a swift-fleeing meteor, a fast-flying cloud, A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade, Be scattered around and together be laid; And the young and the old, and the low and the high Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved, The mother that infant's affection who proved; The husband that mother and infant who blessed, Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by; And the memory of those who loved her and praised Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne, The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn, The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave, Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap, The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep The beggar who wandered in search of his bread, Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven, The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven, The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just, Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

# Patience, Humility, Resignation.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the weed That wither away to let others succeed; So the multitude comes, even those we behold, To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been; We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,— We drink the same stream and view the same sun, And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think; From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink.

To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling; But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;

They joyed, but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay! they died; and we things that are now, Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow, Who make in their dwelling a transient abode, Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain, Are mingled together in sunshine and rain; And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge, Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath, From the blossom of health to the paleness of death, From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud, Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—William Knox.





#### CHAPTER XI.

### Patriotism.

When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast,

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from East to West.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along

Round the earth's electric circle the swift flash of right or wrong;

Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame,

Through its ocean-sundered fibers, feels the gush of joy or shame;

In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

—Lowell.

The measure of a man's life is the well spending of it, and not the length.—Plutarch.

Rise! for the day is passing, And you lie dreaming on;

The others have buckled their armor, And forth to the fight are gone.

A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing,

In the face of the stern To-day.

-Procter.

After what I owe to God, nothing should be more dear or more sacred than the love and respect I owe to my country.—De Thou.

Then up with our flag! Let it stream on the air; Though our fathers are cold in their graves,

They had hands that could strike, they had souls that could dare,

And their sons were not born to be slaves,

Up, up with that banner! where'er it may call, Our millions shall rally around,

And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

-George Washington Cutter.

The men to make a state must be brave men. I mean the men that walk with open face and unprotected breast. I mean the men that do, but do not talk. I mean the men that dare to stand alone. I mean the men that are to-day where they were yesterday, and will be there to-morrow. I mean the men that can stand still and take the storm.—George Washington Doane.

The highest duty that ever comes to a man is not to do a deed of prowess or win a material victory, but to endure, suffer and die for truth and freedom.—John

Boyle O'Reilly.

Of all human things, nothing is more honorable or more excellent than to deserve well of one's country.—

Cicero.

The highest honor that a man can bear in life, in death, is the scar of a chain borne in a good cause.—

John Boyle O'Reilly.

Free people, remember this maxim: We may acquire liberty, but it is never recovered if once lost.—

Rousseau.

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent.—Grimke.

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

-Long fellow.

Behold, its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light;
The red that fires the southern rose,
With spotless white from northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister stars of liberty.
Then hail the Banner of the Free,

The starry flower of Liberty!

—0. W. Holmes.

Where slavery is, there liberty cannot be; and where liberty is, there slavery cannot be.—Abraham Lincoln.

Liberty cannot be established without morality, nor

morality without faith .- Horace Greeley.

America, to thee
We pledge our loyalty,
Mind, heart and hand;
Thy laws be wisely made
And faithfully obeyed,
Thy honor ne'er betrayed—
God, keep our land.

-Thomas Moore.

Firm as the firmest, where duty led.

He hurried without a falter.

Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,

And the day was won—but the field was red—

And the blood of his fresh young heart was shed

On his country's hallowed altar.

-Father Ryan in "Memory of His Brother."

"Patriotism," said Mgr. Turinaz, Bishop of Nanes, at the late national requiem for the soldiers who had died in the service of France, "is the love of family enlarged and translated; it is love of the soil which our infant steps first trod and upon which we first drew light and breath. Patriotism preserves and defends the heritage of labors and conquests transmitted to us by our forefathers. Patriotism is a holy thing inspired by God. The man-God experienced its throbs when He wept over His own blind and ungrateful country. In forming Christian countries He has imbued it with a glory and a prestige which paganism knew not."

Loyalty is the highest, noblest and most generous of

human virtues.—Brownson.

To God, thy country and thy friend be true.— Vaughn.

The love of liberty with life is given, And life itself the inferior gift of heaven.

—Dryden.

There is no qualification for government but virtue and wisdom, actual or presumptive.—Edmund Burke.

O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light.

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming;

Whose stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming.

And the rockets' red glare, and the bombs bursting in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved home, and the war's desolation; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the Heaven rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation;

And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

And conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—Francis Scott Key.

If we are true to our country in our day and generation, and those who come after us shall be true to it also, assuredly we shall elevate her to a pitch of prosperity and happiness, of honor and power never yet reached by any nation beneath the sun.—Daniel Webster.

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,

Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame!

Blazoned in song and illumined in story,

Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright!

Sprinkled with starry light, Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore!

While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

-Holmes.

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

—H. W. Longfellow.

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wis-

dom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the work may gaze with admiration forever.—Daniel Webster.

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.
—Father Ryan, in a "Conquered Banner."

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!

-Ibid

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

-Gray. Elegy in a Country Churchyard

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.

—Tennuson. Charge of

-Tennyson. Charge of the Light Brigade

When Freedom, from her mountain height, Unfurled her standard to the air, She tore the azure robe of night, And set the stars of glory there!

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand

The symbol of her chosen land.

-Joseph Rodman Drake

Flag of the free heart's hope and home, By angel hands to valor given! Thy stars have lit the welkin dome, And all thy hues were born in heaven. Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

-Ibid.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering in a foreign strand?

If such there be, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung!

-Sir Walter Scott.

How they shouted! What rejoicing! How the old bell shook the air, Till the clang of freedom ruffled The calmly gliding Delaware! How the bonfires and the torches Lighted up the night's repose! And from flames, like fabled Phænix, Our glorious liberty arose!

-Anon.

Death is the worst; a fate which all must try.

And for our country 'tis a bliss to die. The Iliad.

The moment I heard of America I loved her, the moment I knew she was fighting for freedom I burnt with a desire of bleeding for her; and the moment I shall be able to serve her at any time or in any part of the world, will be the happiest of my life.—Lafayette.

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.—Patrick Henry.

Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

—Shakespeare.

Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause.

—Moore.

Land of song! said the warrior bard,
Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least thy right shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.—Ibid.

O folds of white and scarlet! O blue field with your silver stars! May fond eyes welcome you, willing feet follow you, strong hands defend you, warm hearts cherish you, and dying lips give you their blessing! Ours by inheritance, ours by allegiance, ours by affection,—long may you float on the free winds of heaven, the emblem of liberty, the hope of the world!—Anon.

What pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!

-Addison.

I am Liberty—God's daughter!
My symbols—a law and a torch:
Not a sword to threaten and slaughter,
Nor a flame to dazzle and scorch;
But a light that the world may see,
And a truth that shall make men free.

I am the sister of Duty,
And I am the sister of Faith:
To-day adored for my beauty,
To-morrow led forth to death.
I am she whom ages prayed for,
Heroes suffered undismayed for,
Whom the martyrs were betrayed for.
— John Box

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

A song for our banner? The watchword recall Which gave the republic her station: "United we stand, divided we fall!"

It made and preserved us a nation!

-George P. Morris.

Liberty knows nothing but victories. Soldiers called Bunker Hill a defeat; but liberty dates from it, though Warren lay dead on the field.—Wendell Phillips.

#### Rules of the Road.

What man would be wise, let him drink of the river
That bears on its bosom the record of time:
A message to him every wave can deliver
To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb.
Who heeds not experience, trust him not; tell him
The scope of one mind can but trifles achieve:
The weakest who draws from the mine will excel him
The wealth of mankind is the wisdom they leave.

For peace do not hope—to be just one must break it;
Still work for the minute and not for the year;
When honor comes to you, be ready to take it;
But reach not to seize it before it is near.
Be silent and safe—silence never betrays you;
Be true to your word and your work and your friend;
Put least trust in him who is foremost to praise you,
Nor judge of a road till it draws to the end.

Stand erect in the vale, nor exalt in the mountain:

Take gifts with a sigh—most men give to be paid:

"I had," is a heartache, "I have," is a fountain,—

You're worth what you save, not the million you made.

Trust toil not intent, or your plans will miscarry:

Your wife keep a sweetheart, instead of a tease:

Rule children by reason, not rod; and, mind, marry

Your girl when you can—and your boy when you please.

Steer straight as the wind will allow; but be ready
To veer just a point to let travelers pass:
Each sees his own star—a stiff course is too steady
When this one to Meetings goes, that one to Mass.
Our stream's not so wide but two arches may span it—
Good neighbor and citizen; these for a code,
And this truth in sight, every man on the planet
Has just as much right as yourself to the road.

-John Boyle O'Reilly

## In a Tideway.

In the clutch of a tide that my course compels, A merciless tide, that ebbs and swells To suns and moons I do not control— And because I cannot would wreck my soul; The storm-tossed toy of a turbulent tide— And only one star through the night to guide-In a cockleshell on its crest affoat. Still I trim the sails of my tiny boat, And strive to steer by that star remote— For the tide that threatens and thwarts, I know, Is itself controlled in its ebb and flow: And what am I, a speck on the main. Of the stars that sway the sea to complain? If it be in the plan that I sink at sea, Let me sink as I sail, with pennon free; If land I make, as a sailor should, It is not I am great, but that One is good; But happen what may, let the log-book tell That I did my best with my cockleshell. -Charles Henry Webb.

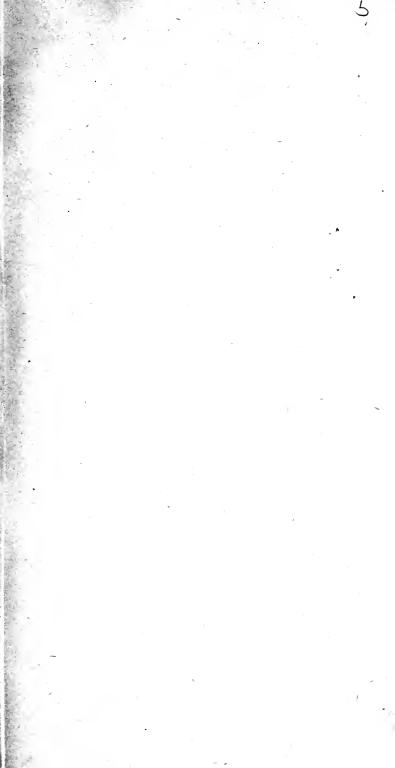
A Builder's Lesson.

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the straws we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try, Lighter every test goes by; Wading in, the stream grows deep Toward the center's downward sweep; Backward turn, each step ashore Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste Leveling what we raised in haste; Doing what must be undone Ere content or love be won! First across the gulf we cast Kite-borne threads, till lives are passed, And habit builds the bridge at last!

-John Boyle O'Reilly.



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